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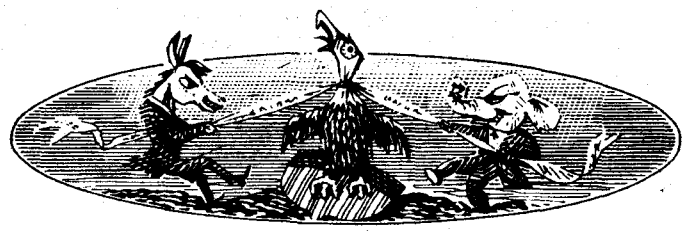


PULITZERS FROM THE USSR

by Tom Bethell

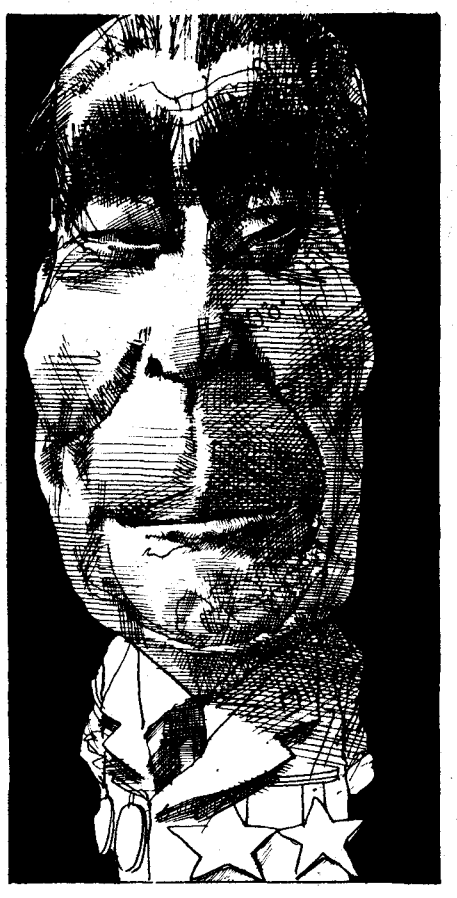
An April editorial in the *New York Times* touched on the subject of "Soviet propaganda," a phrase that piques one's curiosity in such a context; much as a reader of the *London Times* in the late 1930s (when the paper was dedicated to appeasing Hitler) would have been surprised to come across a reference to "Nazi propaganda." Lest you think that I am exaggerating as usual in comparing the *Times* of Geoffrey Dawson to the *New York Times* of Sulzberger, Rosenthal & Frankel may I offer as prime exhibit a *NYT* editorial (April 12) supporting continued technology transfers to the Soviets: "A more relaxed policy would serve the West's best interests because a steady supply of foreign technology saps the Soviet Union's incentive to develop its own." When you read doublethink like that you can't help occasionally wondering whose side they are on.

What is this Soviet propaganda exactly? It isn't necessary to hire a translator to learn more about the intriguing topic because, five days a week, the Foreign Broadcast Information Service of the Department of Commerce puts out a salmon-colored booklet entitled "Daily Report: Soviet Union." I can recommend it to all students of the news media. It contains 60 to 80 pages of single-spaced typescript translations of articles from *Pravda,* Tass, *Izvestiya,* Radio Moscow, and other journals; and for extra bedtime reading they even throw in some translations from *Trud,* the trade union publication.

The tone of Soviet journalism tends to be quite different from its Western counterpart: hectoring, querulous, and humorless, ranging from elaborate sarcasm to mock surprise, then back again to hollow laughter and on to high-decibel indignation. And the Soviet clichés soon wear thin: "As is known . . ." "It is no accident that . . ." "American ruling circles . . ." (although come to think of it we do have them and it would be foolish to deny it), "enemies of socialism," and so on.

The next thing you notice is the repeated citation of U.S. polling results: Harris polls, Gallup polls, CBS and *New York Times* polls, daily informing Soviet readers of the sagging morale in the West. ("The Harris service registered an all-time record decline in the confidence of Americans in the president of their country"—Tass.) The nuclear "freeze" proposal of "noted American senators E. Kennedy and M. Hatfield" enjoys broad support among the masses, and so on. Of course, we in the States know that these poll results are fundamentally determined by the wording of the question, which in turn reflects the philosophical biases of the pollsters. But Soviet readers and listeners may not realize this. In any event, our pollsters should know that their surveys do come in handy as Soviet propaganda.

So much for tone, and polls. How about substance? Here is how some American individuals and institutions have recently been characterized by the Soviet media: "W. Fulbright, a prominent American figure" (*Pravda*) "who has been made wiser by life and political experience" (Tass); "P. Warnke, a prominent U.S. politician" (*Izvestiya*); "Prominent American political figure Edward Kennedy" (Tass); "Such prominent figures as A. Harriman, former U.S. ambassador . . ." (*Pravda*); "The influential *Washington Post*" (*Izvestiya*); "Hawks such as [Sens.] Jackson and Warner" (Radio Moscow); "The well-known American political observer James Reston" (Radio Moscow), who is also called "the U.S. newspaper oracle" by *Literaturnaya Gazeta*. How about that, Mr. Frankel? (He is editor of the *New York Times* editorial page.) Any disagreements so far?



Here's a closer look at the contrast between the Soviet and the *New York Times* position on various issues:

Walter Polovchak: The *New York Times,* being a supporter of families, feels that the 14-year-old Ukrainian immigrant should come to his senses and rejoin his parents, who went back to the Soviet Union after an exploratory trip here. Tass agrees, feeling that young Walter is being "unlawfully detained by Ukrainian nationalists entrenched in Chicago." Tass commended the efforts of the American Civil Liberties Union to "reunite" the family, as of course did the *Times*. In summary, both Tass 'n' *Times* feel that the Soviet Union should not be singled out as an exception when considering the reunification of families.

El Salvador Election: Tass 'n' *Times* were less than completely enthusiastic about the election—especially after the results came in. "Salvadoran rightists should not misconstrue American enthusiasm for the election," the *Times* cautioned glumly after the vote. John B. Oakes, former senior editor of the *Times,* was rather more outspoken on the op-ed page, telling us "it was clear from the start that there was going to be one sure loser. That loser could only have been the United States." The "ominous strength shown by the d'Aubuisson terrorists and their allies now leaves El Salvador's hopes for a peaceful future cloudier than ever."

This sentiment was echoed by Radio Moscow. "The Farabundi Marti Front and the left-wing forces it leads boycotted the election farce and have pledged to build up their struggle against the terrorist regime. . . . Many in the United States cannot help recalling the grim Vietnam war."

Monroe Doctrine: Tass regards the Monroe Doctrine as "notorious." J. Reston, who belongs to the "flower of the American intellectual elite" according to *Literaturnaya Gazeta,* is far more subtle. "Monroe had the words, but he didn't have the power to enforce them," Reston wrote. "President Reagan has the power, but he doesn't have the support of the American people, the Congress or the allies in the hemisphere or the Atlantic to use it, or the words to explain his dilemma. So Mr. Reagan is caught in a web of contradictions, most of them imposed on him by history."

Pravda saw things in the same historical light, noting that "adventurist imperialist circles, incapable of learning from the lessons of history, cannot comprehend that socialism has the forces to enable it to frustrate any scheme by its adversaries."

My sample survey of the Soviet media suggests that Reston may be their current media hero. No doubt they find his brand of woolly accommodation appealing.

U.S. Central American Policy: Pravda quoted Rep. Clarence Long as requesting evidence that the Salva-

Tom Bethell, The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent, holds the DeWitt Wallace Chair in Communications at the American Enterprise Institute.*

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doran "rebels" have outside assistance, only to be turned down on the ground that "this could endanger the informants."

"Everyone remembers very well that it is the United States that is constantly intervening in the affairs of Latin America and not 'Caucasians' at all," *Pravda* continued. "As recently as 16 March, CBS TV commentator B. Moyers, who had just returned from a trip to Central American countries, cited many examples of this sort of interference. 'Since 1798,' he pointed out, 'the United States has carried out 14 armed actions against Mexico, 13 against Cuba, 11 against Panama . . .'" *Pravda* added that "they are trying at all costs to convince ordinary Americans that [Sandinistas and Salvadoran terrorists are] under the orders of the Russians."

"Revolutions and even Marxist revolutionaries are not automatically proof of a vast Soviet-Cuban design," the *Times* concurred.

Yellow Rain: The Soviets defended themselves against charges of engaging in chemical warfare by citing Western news media repeatedly, although not the *New York Times* as far as I could see. "According to American press reports, the 'evidence' is regarded with ill-concealed mistrust even in the United States itself," Tass reported. "The newspaper *Washington Post*, commenting on the report . . ."

"In offering conclusions on the basis of half-digested evidence, the State Department risked placing itself in a false position." (*NYT*)

Aid to Caribbean Basin: Tass triumphantly quoted the Council on Hemispheric Affairs deploring Reagan's use of "cold war language," and the *Times* likewise found that language "simple and puerile."

Nuclear Freeze Proposals: Here is part of a Radio Moscow discussion, presumably their equivalent of Agronsky & Co.

Mr. Gaydar: The public mood in West Europe has also changed. This is what the *New York Times* writes: the principal purpose of the White House's quick response to Brezhnev's statement, the newspaper notes, is the fear that the moratorium which he announced could find support and enthusiasm among public opinion in West Europe.

Mr. Kornilov: The *New York Times* is quite right in this case.

Mr. Gaydar: It is quite right, and these fears are appropriate because it seems to me that now that the Soviet Union has again provided a good solid basis for talks . . .

"The freeze movement people . . . want to put nuclear restraint back on the track, to give diplomacy, and peace, a chance." (*NYT*)

"The longer the Administration waits, the more the Kremlin will expect to gain—in the streets." (*NYT*)

U.S. Capacity to Influence Soviet Union: ". . . the idea that isolation, sanctions, pressure from outside can force a sea change in Soviet fears and ambitions has had no more success. It isn't likely to work any better now that Moscow has greater military strength than it did in the 1920s . . ." (Flora Lewis, *NYT*)

On the very same day, April 1, Vitaliy Korionov wrote an article entitled "Useless Ploy" in *Pravda* which included the following:

It is characteristic that warnings of the inevitable failure of Washington's present political "strategy" are being voiced increasingly loudly even in U.S. circles that certainly cannot be suspected of disloyalty to capitalism. One after another bourgeois press organs are beginning to write that the U.S. economy, undermined by colossal military spending, is reaching an impasse. Thus, discussing the administration's attempt to blackmail the Soviet Union with an expensive arms race, the *New York Times* wrote in an editorial: "The American economy will not bear the burden required to maintain this race. European politicians will not maintain it either."

But even if they could and did bear it, Korionov pointed out, in harmony with Flora Lewis: "There are no forces in the world capable of deflecting our party from its general course, whose motto has been and remains: Everything for man, everything in the name of man."

There you are—some authentic Soviet propaganda at the end there. But the *New York Times* should know that a good deal of the so-called "Soviet propaganda" comes straight out of Western news media, not least from the *New York Times* itself. □

EDITORIAL

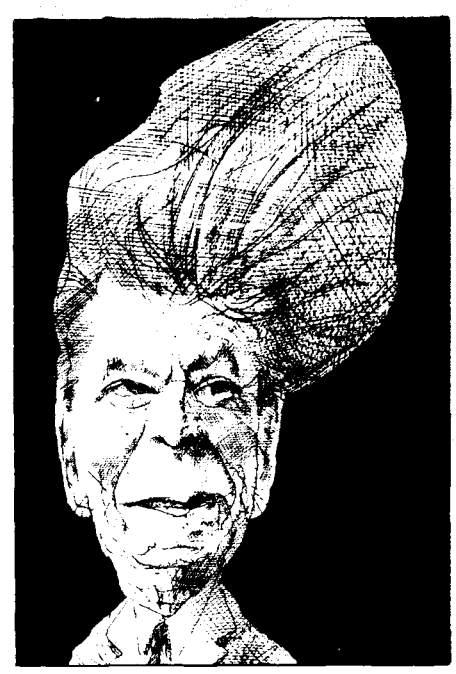
TOWARD OPPOSITION?

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Going into opposition: The tug to do so is upon me. I have watched the President become less and less the Ronald Reagan of Campaign '80 and more and more the captive of the Republicans of the furrowed brow. These are the Republicans who believe that the key to political greatness is a nice white shirt and a good word from one's political opponents. They believe that politics is the art of the anesthesiologist: Dope up the opposition, put a smile on his face. Assure him that you are with him in spirit, and do nothing to arouse his unease. Be pragmatic!

Thus these pragmatic Republicans walk around the White House with furrowed brows. It is not easy to keep Tip O'Neill happy, especially if most of the members of your party think Mr. O'Neill a boodler bent on buying votes with the assistance of the U.S. Treasury and the sempiternally alluring poetry of *The Greening of America*. It is more difficult still to get sweet words from the millionaire mannequins of the evening TV news. They see themselves as the heirs to Robespierre. They are certain that owing to the economic policies of Ronald Reagan people off in the direction toward which their corporate chauffeurs head at night are selling apples and preparing barricades. Sweetening up Mr. O'Neill and the mannequins of evening news while avoiding national bankruptcy is a grueling task.

These pragmatic Republicans have been keeping a careful eye on the Oval Office, and when they see their boss reading the editorial page of the *Wall Street Journal* they gasp. They have pretty successfully isolated him from his former allies, and they want him to utter no agitating thoughts about "getting the government off our backs" or "strengthening our defenses." They want him to fudge



on still more of his campaign promises. They agree with the Democrats that taxes should be raised in a recession and that this huge milch-cow state created by the liberal Democrats should continue to graze contentedly on our tax dollars even though it gives less and less actual sustenance for every heaping bushel basket of dollars munched upon.

Well, after a series of interviews with some of our amiable President's supporters from the last campaign, it appears to me that many of them are snatching a line from the late Al Smith and taking a walk. It is fitting that Al Smith's name should be invoked. He was a conservative Democratic governor of New York in the Twenties. The people I have most recently interviewed were once Democrats, too; though they were liberals in the 1970s they came

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to deplore the growth of tyranny in the world and the growth of statism at home. They have been called neoconservatives, and in 1980 they led a large contingent of conservative Democrats to vote for the present regime.

This evolution of liberal Democrats into neoconservatives is one of the most important developments in recent political history. In the 1980 campaign Ronald Reagan led an amalgam of blue collar workers and traditional Republicans, all of whom favored increased American security, a revived economy, and an end to such liberal abominations as affirmative action, reverse discrimination, and quotas. The neoconservatives have been a formidable force in articulating the views of this constituency. But carrying out their wishes would make the Democrats and their friends in the media irritable, and so the pragmatic Republicans have labored to turn Ronald Reagan into Gerald Ford. Is such a thing possible?

Apparently Norman Podhoretz thinks that it is. Podhoretz is the neoconservative editor of *Commentary* magazine. He recently has written a very important book, *Why We Were in Vietnam*, that thumpingly demolishes all the guff about American deviltry during the Vietnam war. And now in a major piece in the *New York Times Magazine* he registers his alarm that the Administration's foreign policy has been amazingly weak, especially in responding to Poland, the Middle East, and Central America.

Podhoretz is not the only neoconservative to enter strenuous caveats about the present listlessness of White House policy. Irving Kristol, the editor of the *Public Interest*, strongly criticized Administration foreign policy in the *Wall Street Journal* last month, and he now believes that the White House has been "fumbling" many of its domestic initiatives—particularly its promises to cut back the coercive social policies of the Carterian Age.

The unease of Podhoretz and Kristol is widespread, not only among neoconservatives but also among traditional conservatives. These people had believed that the Reagan presidency presented the Republic with a historic opportunity to reverse a national decline. The pragmatic Republicans see the Reagan presidency as a swell way to make a living. They believe their job security will be enhanced by soothing the opposition. Now their problems are about to multiply. □

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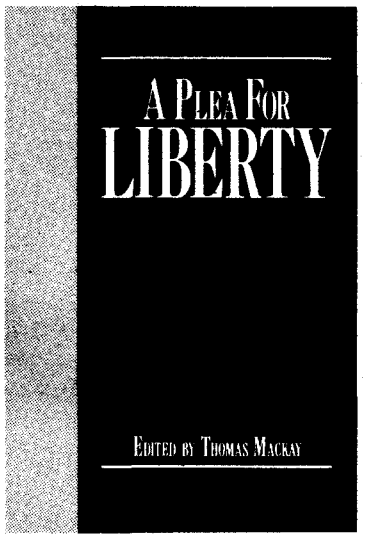

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An Argument Against Socialism and Socialistic Legislation

Edited by Thomas Mackay
Introduction by Herbert Spencer
Foreword by Jeffrey Paul

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A DEATH IN A HOSPITAL

The destruction of human life! Anxiety over it is the theme of this season's great left-wing cause, to wit: ending the arms race here and now and without addressing the policies of the USSR, the nation that though poor and backward is putting the finishing touches on the greatest arms buildup in history, an arms buildup that was provoked by no perceptible act of aggression from the Western democracies.

The USSR is also the nation that has designed its thousands of warheads on land-based missiles to destroy two legs of our strategic triad with a first strike. It is a nation that seems almost uniquely untroubled by treaty commitments and even now is using chemical and biological warfare against ragtag tribesmen in Southwest and Southeast Asia in contravention of the 1925 Geneva Protocol on gas warfare and the 1972 biological convention.

Nonetheless, in the West the democracies cherish life, and last month our left-wing brethren ob-

(*continued on page 45*)

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• On the last weekend of March El Salvador's ragamuffin electorate braved small-arms fire from the Marxist-Leninist boy scouts in the hills and the probing cameras of their friends from network news to mob polling places. So heavy was the turnout that the polls had to be kept open far into the night. It was not a propitious day for the forces of idealism and the Red Star. Out in the sylvan haunts where the revolutionaries have had the largest opportunities to perform their many good deeds, voters in droves cast their votes not for the moderates of Mr. José Duarte but for the Far Right. Confusion filled the barroom of San Salvador's Intercontinental Hotel: The Reagan policy had been undone; No, Reagan had tricked the peasants; No, the peasants were yahoos. Throughout April the new party line on El Salvador remained amorphous. El Salvador slumbered.

• On March 30, America's third and longest space shuttle ended successfully. On April 6 former Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas passed on to glory, and Mr. Andy Kaufman, the comedian, was slammed headfirst against a wrestling mat during a match Mr. Kaufman had thought was a joke. The poor slob was left helpless for fifteen minutes while a jeering crowd pelted him with paper cups and debris. Mr. Jack Henry Abbott, the *New York Review of Books*' most recent noble cause, was sentenced to a minimum of fifteen years and a maximum of life in prison for killing a waiter last summer, and on the day of the Boston Marathon Rosie Ruiz, the progressive marathoner stripped of her 1980 Boston Marathon title on the technicality that she had not actually run the race, was arrested and charged with stealing $60,000 from her employer.

• A vinyl-wrapped urn containing the ashes of Mr. Pietre Fredrick Major was found in Indianapolis, Indiana's White River. Apparently the deceased's relatives did not realize that they were to spread his ashes across the river, not simply heave the funeral jug. "Some of the family can see some humor in it. They say the old man had a sense of humor. . . . But I think it's tragic," mused Marion County Coroner Charles W. Green, "—tragic and hilarious." In Chicago a federal judge declared that the Civil Rights Act, which insulates women and minorities from discrimination, must also apply to transsexuals; and more than 1,000 Hindus were arrested in India's northern state of Punjab when religious rioting was triggered by the puckish beheading of two sacred cows.

• In Sacramento, California, a jury has awarded $142,000 to the mother of a man whose corpse was pilfered and romanced by apprentice embalmer Miss Karen Greenlee, 23, a natural recruit for the *Mother Jones* constituency if she is not already a subscriber or actual staff member. The court decision itself is a chilling one, vexing to advocates of sexual freedom, to feminists, and to those of us who have long championed an end to the senseless prosecution of victimless crime. There had been growing confidence among progressives that the proscription of acts committed between consenting adults might finally be overthrown, but the Greenlee decision is a definite setback and source of sadness to necrophiliacs who have long held that their quiet pleasures represent a perfectly normal sexual preference, much like homosexuality. Unfortunately, now that court proceedings reveal that Miss Greenlee had made sexual liaison with as many as forty other corpses whilst employed by the Sacramento Memorial Lawn mortuary, it will be very difficult for progressives to argue that promiscuity is unnatural to necrophiliacs or that they are capable of warm, lasting relationships. The case was also very damaging to proponents of Ground Zero Week whose whole point was to establish the horror of death. Now as Miss Greenlee's testimony makes clear, death can actually present genuine opportunities for happiness and for sexual fulfillment.

• Ground Zero itself proved to be somewhat of a bust, notwithstanding the enormous ballyhoohoo trumpeting its many goofball activities all across the country. Apparently there still are just not enough neurotics and hypochondriacs at large in the land. Though in enlightened Marshall, Missouri there was a "bicycle fallout marathon," in Winston-Salem, North Carolina the Rev. William Gramley scheduled a "Run for Your Life" race, in Albuquerque, New Mexico there were "puppets for peace" shows, and in Nashville, Tennessee a Vanderbilt University law student fell through a bus window after attempting to press his naked arse against it. Otherwise the turnouts were generally meager, even in such bedlamite strongholds as New York City, where only one of eight runners scheduled to participate in a "Run for Peace" race showed up. Nonetheless, the credulous journalists followed every arcane weep-in, even the historic "swim for peace" from Provincetown, Massachusetts to Rockport, Maine undertaken by André the seal. André's owner and best friend, Mr. Harry Goodridge, stood in the drizzle on April 13 and solemnly dedicated André's annual swim to world peace; for, as one of Mr. Goodridge's dope allies put it, "The swim reflects Harry's concern that even if a nuclear weapon exploded in the ocean . . . it would be all over for André and other ocean life." "Nuclear war kills animals too," was her final yawp.

• Economic news was mixed. The Labor Department announced that unemployment in March had risen to 9 percent, and the Federal Reserve Board reported that the nation's industrial output fell eight-tenths of one percent. Yet the Bureau of Labor Statistics reported that consumer prices were also down, and this for the first time in almost seventeen years, indicating that inflation has been dramatically squelched. The University of Pittsburgh is investigating reports that Pitt students on the local Rugby Club rolled seven human skulls onto a rugby field to intimidate opponents. In New Orleans Mr. Michael Whalen, 31, was charged with recruiting women for a fictitious federal program, supposedly designed to teach the elderly to burp properly. He was also charged with battery for fondling their breasts under the pretense that the foul deed was necessary to establish their qualifications as federally certified burpers-of-senior-citizens. And in New City, New York, that miscreant whose custom it has been to appear near school bus stops wearing only a T-shirt and a gigantic diaper, has been located, though police refuse to divulge his name or to arrest him, there being no statute prohibiting such attire.

• The annual Falkland Islands penguin watch was threatened when several thousand Argentine troops invaded the islands and declared them Argentine property. Secretary of State Haig did all he could to assuage the fears of ornithologists, but by the end of the month his negotiations seemed moribund, and a highly competent British armada began retaking the area, dealing a serious blow to fascism's last best hope. In the Netherlands village of Eerbeek, Mr. John Roeleveld, 72, was taken in for questioning when police found 250,000 stuffed animals and birds crammed into his backyard bomb shelter. Apparently the pioneering environmentalist, who began his collection over 40 years ago when God instructed him to collect two of every species in preparation for the world's end, had kept his collection an occult matter. In recent months, however, as word of Europe's rising antinuclear movement spread, Mr. Roeleveld came to believe that many more Europeans shared his views. He became lax in his security measures, and soon the constabulary swooped down upon him—wearing gas masks.

• After much soul searching, Mr. Steve Allen has published *Beloved Son*, the story of his personal migration from anger to pride and gratitude over his son's joining the Seattle, Washington cult, Love Family. Young Brian Allen is now pithily named Logic Israel. In Greenville, South Carolina, the distinguished chancellor of Bob Jones University, Bob Jones, Jr., has urged students to send up their youthful orisons that the Lord will "smite" Secretary of State Alexander M. Haig, Jr. By way of elaboration the Rev. Jones called the Secretary of State "a monster in human flesh and a demon-possessed instrument to destroy America." And there is still more evidence that life in the boondocks travels at a hectic, dog-eat-dog pace. In Valdese, North Carolina, a 63-year-old man was shot to death by another motorist for driving too slowly. Finally, despite the Reagan budget cuts some government subsidized housing is showing a rise in occupancy. According to the Justice Department, the number of Americans residing in state and federal prisons grew by a record 12.1 percent last year. Conservatives can be generous too! —*RET*

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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR VOL. 15, NO. 6 / JUNE 1982

Rael Jean Isaac and Erich Isaac

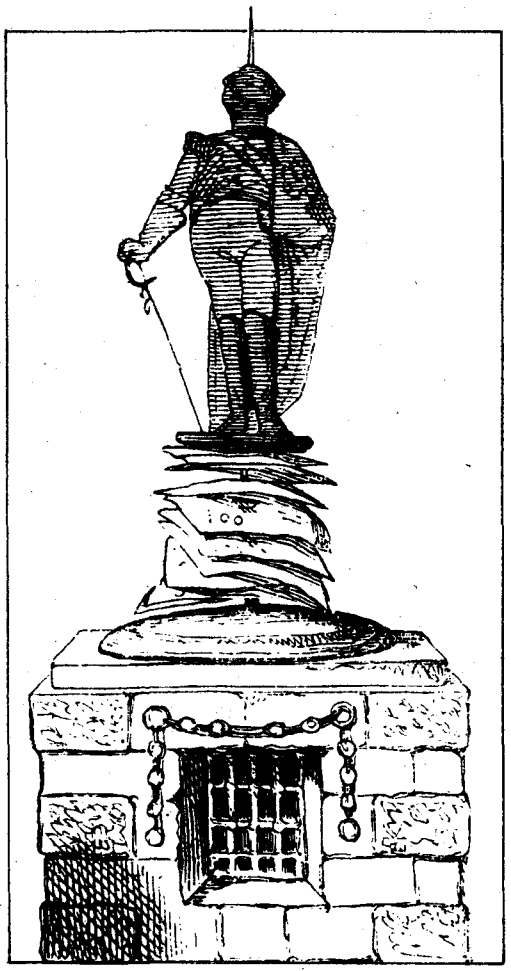
THE COUNTERFEIT PEACEMAKERS: ATOMIC FREEZE

Who's behind the politics of nuclear neurosis?
The Crabshell-Kremlin Alliance?

What the media have dubbed a "peace crusade" is sweeping the country. It centers on something known as the Nuclear Freeze petition, which calls for a mutual freeze by the United States and the Soviet Union on the testing, production, and deployment of nuclear weapons and their delivery systems. Nuclear freeze petitions are on street corners, in front of supermarkets, in churches and synagogues. State legislatures have passed freeze resolutions with scarcely a demurring vote. In California, a drive to put the freeze on the ballot collected the requisite 350,000 signatures in two months and more than twice that number are expected to be collected by the deadline for submitting them. There seems every prospect of its passage, since polls show that Americans would vote for a freeze on local ballots by a margin of 3 to 2. Mass demonstrations are on the way, scheduled to coincide with the UN Special Session on Disarmament beginning June 9. Some of their footpower will come from the campuses, energized by April's week-long teach-in campaign.

Every effort is being made to galvanize the unimaginative. In the first week of March, buildings, signs, office elevators, and windows at 17th and M Streets in Washington, just north of the White House, were plastered with two-inch circular gummed labels that said: "Flash! Boom! You're dead!!!" The presumably startled reader was enlightened by the small print: "A small nuclear bomb explodes over the White House. Standing here, you have a 98 percent chance of dying immediately, from leveled buildings, intense heat, lethal radiation, or debris flying to 500 m.p.h." On a national scale there is the effort of a group called Physicians for Social Responsibility to spell out the physical suffering their audiences will experience following a nuclear explosion: the starvation, dehydration, radiation sickness, and infections. These doctors will provide you with an entire bibliography explaining the horrible aftermath of nuclear war and their total inability as physicians to help any of the survivors. (Not that they want to improve their capacity to cope. Far from urging rational civil defense measures, which the Soviets have taken, a film produced by the Physicians for Social Responsibility includes a statement that it is a breach of medical ethics for a physician to participate in planning for emergency medical services in the event of nuclear attack.)

While no one doubts the dreadful consequences of nuclear war and the need to avert it, this can scarcely explain the peace crusade. The nuclear age has been with us since 1945. Why the sudden ferment, to the point that a *Wall Street Journal* front page headline reports "Town of Pella, Iowa talks of little other than nuclear attack"? Where did the nuclear freeze come from? Where do its initiators plan to take us? Answers to these questions are in order before the public throws itself headlong into a current whose direction it little understands.



The nuclear freeze was initially coordinated in early 1980 by two pacifist organizations: the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) and the Fellowship of Reconciliation. The first is wealthier and better known, but both originated at the end of World War I as religiously based organizations committed to nonviolence. The freeze quickly won the support of almost all the organizations that make up what in current jargon could be called "the peace community." These are both pacifist and nonpacifist groups devoted to reducing the prospects of war: The best established of those who signed the initial "Call to Halt the Nuclear Arms Race," as the freeze was originally titled, were Clergy and Laity Concerned and SANE (which have been the most active in procuring signatures for the freeze), Mobilization for Survival, Pax Christi (a Catholic organization), Riverside Church Disarmament Program, and Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Once the freeze caught on, the Nuclear Freeze Weapons Campaign, consisting primarily of organizations which signed the initial "Call," decided to establish a special clearing-house in the center of the country. Using the tax exemption of one of them (the Council for a Liveable World Education Fund), the clearing house opened in St. Louis in January 1982.

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Most Americans have a warm, if hazy, image of peace organizations, especially pacifist groups, whose dedication to nonviolence is seen as admirable, if impractical. A closer look, however, would produce some major surprises. The major pacifist organizations—the AFSC, the Fellowship of Reconciliation (FOR), the War Resisters League (WRL), and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom (WILPF)—are centers of radicalism whose relation to nonviolence is highly problematical, since in practice they condone violence to achieve the goals of what the Left defines as "liberation movements." The distinction between pacifist and nonpacifist peace organizations, indeed between most peace organizations and radical left-wing political groups, has become a distinction without a difference.

Intrinsic to pacifism, of course, is the view that means and ends cannot be separated, and all the pacifist organizations continue to pay lip service to this principle. A 1980 article in the Fellowship of Reconciliation's journal states the case as eloquently as ever: "Nonviolent activists dispute the assertion that the end justifies the means: they see means and ends as one and inseparable. . . . The means invariably become embodied in the end, however noble, and skew and distort that end—often beyond recognition." The article quotes a pithy phrase: "You can't grow a rose from a cactus seed." Similar passages could readily be produced from every pacifist publication.

One dramatic example of the gap between pacifist rhetoric and reality is the attitude of these groups toward the Palestine Liberation Organization. As the world's chief terror organization, the inspiration and actual training agency for the world's proliferating terror groups, from the Baader Meinhof to the Red Brigades to a host of groups in Latin America, the PLO should be especially abhorrent to pacifists. Instead, the attitude of the pacifist organizations toward the PLO is one of warmth, even admiration. For example, in 1975 the Fellowship of Reconciliation sent a group to PLO headquarters in Lebanon. The members returned to praise the PLO officials with whom they had spoken, and were particularly enthusiastic about one whom they said "spoke in near pacifist terms about guerrilla violence." (The very fact that such a phrase could be formulated says something about what has happened to American pacifism.) One member of the Fellowship group criticized Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, then engaged in his famous "shuttle diplomacy" in the Middle East, for "inviting Palestinian militants to return to terrorist tactics in the absence of any peaceful alternative for justice." If the United States did not give the PLO what it wanted, the PLO had no "alternative" except violence.

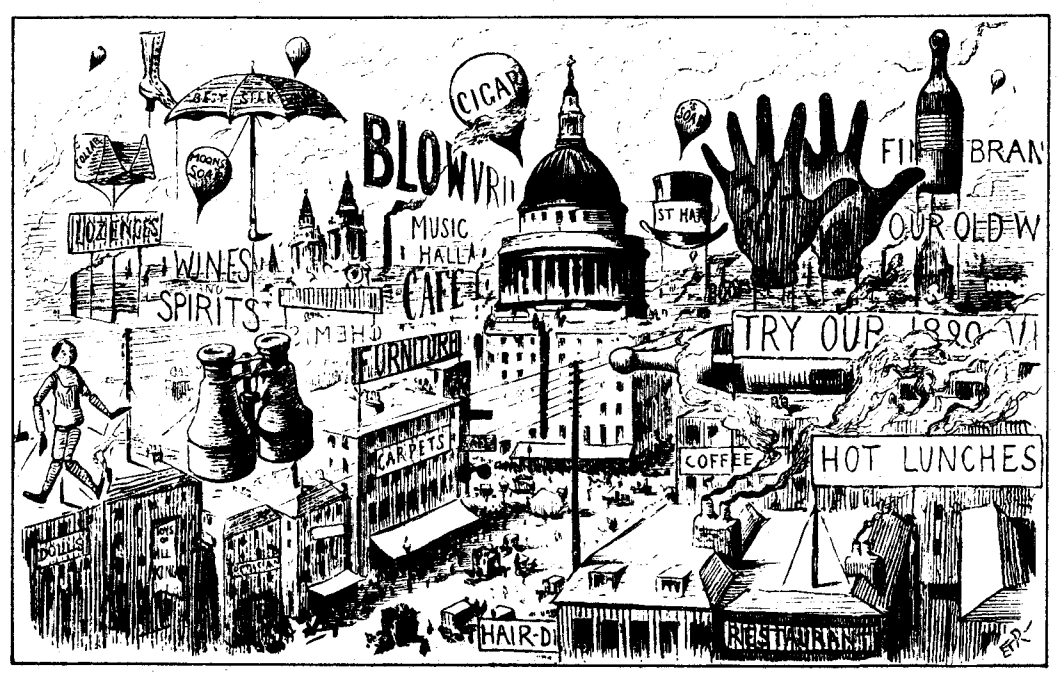
The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom seems almost obsessed with the PLO. In a recent year its journal, *Peace and Freedom,* ran ten articles on the Middle East, the purport always the need to involve the PLO. WILPF's 1979 resolution on the Middle East calls for negotiations with the PLO without any suggestion that the PLO abandon terrorism or recognize Israel's right to exist. International WILPF (for years headed by Americans, first Kay Camp, now Carol Pendell, wife of a Methodist minister in California) sent its journal's editor as the organization's delegate to a PLO conference in Lebanon. This pacifist lady described with obvious relish being "driven into town escorted by jeeps full of Palestine Liberation Army soldiers" who permitted nothing "to break our line." Her only regret was that "more of us could not be there to come to understand why the struggle of the Palestinian people must continue."

The AFSC meanwhile has done more. Its activities in Israel, ostensibly "humanitarian," provoked the Israeli government to the point where it sought to remove the AFSC's Middle East representative for pro-PLO activities. The AFSC maintains a Community Information and Legal Aid Center in East Jerusalem. While the Israeli authorities were told it would be a counselling center, it rapidly developed into a legal aid service for captured PLO terrorists. In an interview in 1979 Jean de Muralt, then its director, said: "We help the small fry. The big people have their own connections and don't need our help." In the United States the AFSC has organized lobbying efforts on behalf of the PLO and speaking tours for its propagandists.

The identification of pacifist organizations with the PLO is a particularly striking illustration of the breakdown of pacifist principles; however, instances of pacifist support for terrorist groups could be multiplied. Almost any Third World "liberation movement," provided it attacks the West, can count at the very least on full moral support from the U.S. pacifist organizations whose fundamental principle, to use the words of an AFSC brochure, is that "violence can never be right."

Although the breakdown of American pacifism is a phenomenon only of the last fifteen years, the tensions that led to its disintegration are much older. They stemmed from the conviction of pacifists that war would be eliminated only if the cause of war were eliminated, this cause being social injustice. With the Bolshevik Revolution, many pacifists became attracted to revolutionary Marxism and its promise to eliminate injustice once and for all. The Fellowship of Reconciliation was the most influential pacifist organization in the interwar years, and it was repeatedly battered by conflicts between those who opposed all violence and those who were convinced that class warfare was necessary to prevent international warfare. The Fellowship came down on the side of nonviolence, and in the mid-thirties, the dissidents—who at one point included the organization's executive secretary, J.B. Matthews—were forced to resign. The most famous American pacifist, A.J. Muste, briefly left the Fellowship for a fling at Communism, becoming general secretary of the Communist League of America, a section of the Trotskyite Fourth International. He returned to pacifism, and the Fellowship, in 1937.

All this ferment left its mark. While still a pacifist but undergoing the intellectual development that would make him, if only temporarily, a Communist, Muste developed a radical conception of pacifism outlined in his 1928 essay, "Pacifism and Class War." Here he expanded the definition of violence, declaring that "the basic fact is that the economic, social, political order in which we live was built up largely by violence, is now being extended by violence and is maintained only by violence." He insisted that since 90 percent of the violence in the world was perpetrated by forces of the status quo, it was somewhat "ludicrous" that public concern centered on the 10 percent of violence used



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by rebels against repression. Not only did Muste minimize the importance of revolutionary violence, but he argued that it is improper even to counsel nonviolence so long as we benefit from the existing "violent" order.

After World War II, Muste's doctrines became pacifist orthodoxy. Conscientious objectors, particularly those who chose prison over the forms of alternative service offered by the government, emerged with a new conception of nonviolent tactics as the way "to shake the present order to its foundations." Although the Fellowship initially resisted, the War Resisters League (a non-religiously based pacifist group that developed out of the Fellowship in 1923) resolved in 1947 to work for "political, economic and social revolution by nonviolent means." David Dellinger, a member of the League's executive committee, published a paper called *Direct Action* whose first issue advocated "strikes, sabotage and seizure of public property now being held by private owners." One writer suggested that "a mass invasion of A&P supermarkets by housewives with hungry families, for the express purpose of emptying shelves, would be a good way of keeping down the profits of the masters." The editor felt called upon to object, protesting that "taking goods *surreptitiously*" would imply they rightfully belonged to store-owners, "thereby continually paying homage to capitalist ideals of property."

What happened when Muste's broadened definition of violence was accepted was that the distinction between violence and nonviolence disappeared. All governments, including democratic governments, were violent because they implicitly had the sanctions of violence behind them. There then was no way of distinguishing between the violence of the status quo and the bombs and guns of the revolutionaries who challenge it. Indeed revolutionaries were to be preferred, for they merely respond to the prior violence of the established order and seek to achieve greater justice.

Pacifists thus have so extended the meaning of violence that it no longer even refers to the use of force, implicit or explicit. According to David McReynolds, a War Resisters League staffer, nonviolence is "most deeply violated" when it is confined to the area where "the state kills people"; poor housing, racism, and sexism are equally "violent," and the violence of unemployment is as real "as napalm falling on Vietnam." An article in the Fellowship of Reconciliation's *Fellowship* claims that "where a woman is denied equal pay for equal work . . . it is an example of violence." War Resisters League President Norma Becker believes all our institutions must be overturned "because unless these institutions are eradicated," it doesn't seem likely that we "will be in a position to really practice nonviolence."

Another revealing glimpse into modern pacifism comes from the reading list compiled by the War Resisters League in response to requests for books on the meaning of pacifism and nonviolence today. Under the heading of "Race" the League offers five books, two of them *attacks* on nonviolence: Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice* and Frantz Fanon's extended paean to the therapeutic power of violence, *Wretched of the Earth*. Under "Socialism" seven books are offered, including the *Communist Manifesto*, German Communist Rosa Luxemburg's *The Russian Revolution*, and Carl Oglesby and Richard Shaull's *Continuity and Change*. (Oglesby was a New Left organizer and Shaull is a liberation theologian who believes that only at the center of the revolution can man "perceive what God is doing.") Under the heading of "Biography" one would expect to find books describing the lives of great pacifists. But of the eight biographies presented, only two are of pacifists. Among the others are Leon Trotsky, labor radical Eugene Debs, anarchist Emma Goldman, and black revolutionary Malcolm X.

While pacifist identification of revolutionary socialism with "justice" is the most obvious explanation for such reading lists, there may be deeper factors involved in the power violent revolutionaries have exercised over the imagination of modern pacifists. George Orwell, writing during World War II, noted the attraction some leading pacifists felt toward Hitler. A revealing reply to Orwell's charges came from D.S. Savage, one of the pacifists to whom Orwell had pointed. He wrote:

> The pacifists' championing of Hitler referred to by Orwell is simply a recognition by us that Hitler and Germany contain a real historical dynamic, whereas we do not . . . Personally I do not care for Hitler. He is, however, 'realler' than Chamberlain, Churchill, Cripps etc. in that he is the vehicle of raw historical forces, whereas they are stuffed dummies, waxwork figures, living in unreality.

Although it is difficult to know to what extent modern pacifists respond to a sense that Yassir Arafat represents "raw historical forces" in contrast to the "waxwork figures" cut by Western statesmen, there may well be a psychological component of this sort in the attraction men who live by violence exert upon those who have renounced it.

Given the breakdown of pacifism in traditional pacifist organizations, it is hardly surprising that the formally nonpacifist peace organizations that have sprung up since World War II have also come to identify with violent movements. The most important to develop prior to the Vietnam war were SANE in 1957 and Women Strike for Peace in 1961, both of which arose to protest nuclear atmospheric testing. (Physicians for Social Responsibility also dates to 1961 but became moribund until revived by pediatrician Helen Caldicott in 1979.) The Vietnam war produced a series of organizations, the most lasting of which has been Clergy and Laity Concerned about the Vietnam War (CALC). After the war was over, it dropped the last four words in its title. CALC is now simply "Concerned," chiefly about the evils of the American Empire. Several of the prominent peace organizations are coalitions: The Coalition for a New Foreign and Military Policy brings together many of the organizations active against the Vietnam war, especially the churches; the Mobilization for Survival combines anti-nuclear energy groups with disarmament and radical political groups.

Insofar as they are influential, disarmament movements by their very nature serve to weaken Western defenses and inhibit the willingness of Western countries to project their forces beyond their

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borders. It thus goes without saying that these movements are an obvious target for Soviet manipulation and penetration. If the Soviet Union can manipulate them to focus exclusively on Western disarmament and discount the existence of external threats —or better still to serve as apologists for aggressive Soviet actions—they are even more useful to the Soviets. The point is to help the Soviet Union project an image of itself as the major force for peace in the world, its initiatives thwarted by Western militarism.

The Soviet Union has a front organization, the World Peace Council (WPC), designed to identify the Soviet Union as the world's chief force for peace among Third World countries and to manipulate Western public opinion, especially Western peace movements, on issues the Soviet Union deems vital to its interests. Created shortly after World War II, the WPC sponsored the Stockholm Peace Petition Campaign of 1950 as its first major effort. The campaign obtained almost 500 million signatures worldwide, over a million of them in the United States, where most of the signatories had no idea of the campaign's origin. In 1975 the WPC launched a second Stockholm Peace Petition, this time obtaining 700 million signatures.

While the WPC has devoted much effort to extolling the Soviet Union, promoting Soviet-backed liberation movements, and attacking the United States and its "puppets," it has in the last few years assumed an even larger role mobilizing the Western disarmament protests. It has been trying to block U.S. plans to modernize NATO's Theater Nuclear Forces with medium range Pershing II and cruise missiles and to upgrade NATO's antitank capabilities with neutron bombs. In an article in *Ons Leger* in October 1981, Dutch journalist J.A.E. Vermaat analyzes the extensive role the World Peace Council and a sister Soviet front, the Christian Peace Conference, have played since 1977 in the Dutch peace movement, that major testing ground in the Soviet effort to promote Western disarmament initiatives.* Obviously pleased by the success of the Dutch movement and its spread throughout Western Europe, Boris Ponomarev, veteran head of the Communist Party's International Department, told a group of Soviet and foreign scientists in 1981 that even though the antiwar movement had reached unprecedented proportions, "the interests of preserving peace call for further development of the anti-war movement."

The World Peace Council, of course, is the most transparent of fronts, the "peace" in its title the purest Orwellian doublethink. In 1975 the Council gave its highest award, the Frederic Joliot-Curie Gold Medal for Peace, to Yassir Arafat. That same year it gave a lesser peace award to Lolita Lebron as an "outstanding Puerto Rican freedom fighter . . . who has been in U.S. jails for the last 20 years." (Lebron was one of four Puerto Rican terrorists who opened fire on the U.S. House of Representatives from the visitors' gallery during the Truman Administration.) Another former winner of the Joliot-Curie Gold Medal for Peace is Leonid Brezhnev.† On its thirtieth anniversary the World Peace Council celebrated ever new "victories for peace" in "Ethiopia, Afghanistan, Iran." Presumably to help celebrate one of these Soviet "victories for peace," the WPC has scheduled its next meeting in Afghanistan.

In reaching public opinion in the United States, the WPC has been aided since 1979 by the presence of an American affiliate, the United States Peace Council. The groundwork for the U.S. Peace Council was laid in 1975 when a nine-member delegation from the WPC came to this country to publicize the WPC's Second Stockholm Peace Petition.

The reaction of established U.S. peace organizations to the WPC visit was revealing. In the past, and for all their internal tensions, U.S. pacifist organizations would have been wary of Communist manipulation. "Communist-inspired 'peace campaigns' are not genuine," announced the Fellowship of Reconciliation when the first Stockholm Peace Campaign was launched, and lead "to building up the Communist party rather than pacifism or peace." This time, however, none of them decried the delegation as a fraud and several in fact used their standing to give the delegation credibility among unsuspecting American political and religious leaders. The delegation's Washington visit, for instance, was coordinated by Edith Villastrigo, director of the Washington office of Women Strike for Peace. As a result, the WPC delegation was able to meet with twenty members of Congress (several of whom hosted a luncheon for the delegation) and was welcomed at the Methodist Church Center by leading clergymen. Thanks to preparations by various peace and church groups in the fifteen cities it visited, the delegation met with local and state officials, spoke at church meetings, campuses, even high schools (the delegation reported that following its presentation at University High School in Milwaukee many students asked if they could join the World Peace Council). Delegation members appeared on television and met with editorial boards of major daily newspapers.

Indeed, the reception accorded this delegation of the world's leading Communist front was nothing short of amazing. In New York City, Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke, on behalf of then mayor Abraham Beame, presented delegation members with Bicentennial Medals. In both Los Angeles and Milwaukee the delegation accepted mayoral proclamations in its honor. In Detroit the delegation won a sheriff's escort and keys to the city. It also accepted a "Spirit of Detroit Award" given to the WPC for its "substantial effort to achieve peace." In South Bend, Indiana, the delegation received keys to the city and a luncheon in its honor was given by the Chamber of Commerce! In each community—and the delegation also visited Seattle, Cleveland, and San Francisco—the group left behind what it described as an "ongoing WPC committee." Local Peace Councils already existed in Los Angeles and Chicago. The delegation's report mentioned that the Chicago Peace Council would continue "as always to maintain contact with the WPC."‡ →

*Not that Soviet efforts have been confined to Holland. Danish writer Anne Herlov Petersen last November was charged with having placed full-page ads at Soviet expense in Danish papers, urging opposition to NATO and support for Soviet peace proposals. The ads were officially sponsored by the Cooperative Committee for Peace and Security, the chief organization of the Danish peace movement, itself largely led by Communists. In Germany the West German Communist Party has increasingly taken control of the peace movement, to the public discomfiture of other radical groups, such as the environmentalist Green Party.

†According to a 1978 study of Soviet propaganda activities conducted by the CIA for the House Intelligence Committee, actual control of the WPC was exerted prior to 1977 by Aleksandr Berkov and since then by Igor Belyayev, both representing the Soviet Communist Party.

‡In 1978 the WPC actually held a three-day conference in Washington, sponsored by, among others, Kay Camp, President of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and Edith Villastrigo of Women Strike for Peace. The conference came out for American Indian claims against the U.S. and for Puerto Rican independence and opposed U.S. building of "weapons of mass destruction." Romesh Chandra said the presence of the WPC group in the United States, when prior to the McGovern amendment it would have been banned from entering the country, "proves that we can win."

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The seeds planted by the delegation came to fruition in 1979 with the establishment of the United States Peace Council. The Communist *Daily World* hailed its advent, saying the organization "may mean the difference between life and death for humanity." WPC President Romesh Chandra showed up for the first national conference, echoing in his speech the WPC line that liberation struggles are the peace movements of their people. In the words of this former member of the central committee of the Communist Party of India:

> People ask me, "You are a peace movement. Why do you support the armed struggles in Nicaragua, Palestine, Vietnam?" And I reply, "The armed struggle in these countries *is* the peace movement . . ."

U.S. Peace Council executive director Michael Myerson, a long-time official of the U.S. Communist Party, announced at the conference that "the main threat to world peace is the U.S. military industrial machine."

Wherever possible, the resolutions passed by the conference packaged Soviet foreign policy objectives to appeal to segments of American society. The conference appealed to the anti-nuclear energy movement by linking the need to shut down nuclear plants with "the recognition that nuclear arms production is even more dangerous and needs to be shut down also." It appealed to distinctive American preoccupations by emphasizing the threat "the draft poses to human rights." It resolved not only to work closely with existing anti-draft registration organizations but to form a GI and Veterans Committee "to organize the thirty million American veterans and two million GIs to fight for peace."

On the whole, however, the conference simply passed resolutions conforming to major Soviet objectives: support for Third World liberation movements and U.S. disarmament. It passed a resolution, "In Solidarity with the Arab People of Palestine and Their Central Issue: Palestine," which condemned the Camp David accords as "a cornerstone of a new U.S. offensive in the Middle East." Another resolution called for withdrawal of U.S. bases from the Philippines and an end to all aid to that country. On the other hand, resolutions called for U.S. aid to Communist Vietnam, Laos, and Kampuchea. Other resolutions concentrated on cutting back U.S. defense expenditures and "forming coalitions of peace groups." Resolutions were passed opposed to all new U.S. weapons systems.

The U.S. Peace Council has established a "Peace Education Foundation," which has received tax exempt status from the IRS. The Fund is headed by Abe Feinglass, a World Peace Council Presidium member and secretary-treasurer of the Amalgamated Meatcutters Union. The Fund has announced plans to explore the effects of the military budget on blacks and other minorities. At its second national conference in 1981, the U.S. Peace Council established a youth caucus, designed to reach out to junior high and high school youth with antidraft and antiwar themes, and announced development of a curriculum guide for courses on peace in public schools.

Even the symbol at the top of U.S. Peace Council literature tells the story: It is a dove shaped into a clenched fist.**

It is bad enough that established U.S. peace organizations have failed to denounce the U.S. Peace Council and its transparent effort to channel the desire for peace to serve Soviet purposes. But even worse than their silence has been that virtually all of them have become involved with the U.S. Peace Council in some way. Before its founding conference the U.S. Peace Council issued a "Call" which said:

> We who initiate this Call believe that there is a peace majority in our country. . . . We seek to help organize our peace majority in its entire spectrum because only then can our people compel peace.

Those who gave their names as sponsors of this Call in effect endorsed the U.S. Peace Council as a bona fide peace-seeking organization. Yet the sponsors included the president of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the executive director of SANE, the disarmament coordinator of the American Friends Service Committee, the director of the Washington office of Women Strike for Peace (who had coordinated the 1975 WPC visit), and a leader of Clergy and Laity Concerned. For many, more than sponsorship was involved. At the founding conference the executive director of SANE, the disarmament director of the AFSC, an official of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and a representative of Clergy and Laity Concerned conducted workshops. When the U.S. Peace Council took out a full-page ad in the *New York Times* in June 1979 to attack Joan Baez and others who had criticized human rights violations in Vietnam (the U.S. Peace Council ad countered that "Vietnam now enjoys human rights as it has never known in history"), it was signed not only by assorted Communists and far leftists, but by the president and vice-president of Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and by several leaders of Clergy and Laity Concerned.

Two pacifist organizations were conspicuous by their absence as sponsors of the U.S. Peace Council "Call"—the Fellowship for Reconciliation and the War Resisters League. The League did send an observer to the 1979 U.S. Peace Council conference who was sufficiently disturbed by the proceedings—she noted that Communist Party literature was "everywhere"—to prepare a critical statement which she tried to read to those assembled. The organizers, however, told her that there was "no time."

Nonetheless, the Fellowship and the War Resisters League together with the other peace organizations have been working with the U.S. Peace Council in a series of strategy groups set up to plan demonstrations for the UN Special Session on Disarmament scheduled to begin this June. Indeed the U.S. Peace Council has begun to show up regularly at meetings of the various peace organizations. Add to this the increasingly frequent references in peace group literature to joint local projects of peace and Peace Council groups and the picture is clear: The U.S. Peace Council is fast becoming an accepted member of the "Peace Club."

Nor are joint strategy sessions the only

**The World Peace Council sent a delegation in 1981 to survey its handiwork. This time its tour was hosted by the Peace Council groups it had established on its previous visit, which arranged meetings with politicians, newspaper editors, churchmen, etc. The delegation added to what was becoming the World Peace Council's impressive collection of keys to the city and mayoral proclamations.

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THE BOOK THEY'D LIKE TO SPIKE

"The West and developing countries are filled with citizens who by reason of their positions are able to promote Soviet influence and expansionist goals."—Andrei Sakharov; Nobel laureate.

Sakharov explained that these include *"a great many writers and journalists...and heads of press and television."*

(From a letter smuggled out of the USSR and printed in The New York Times, June 8, 1980.)

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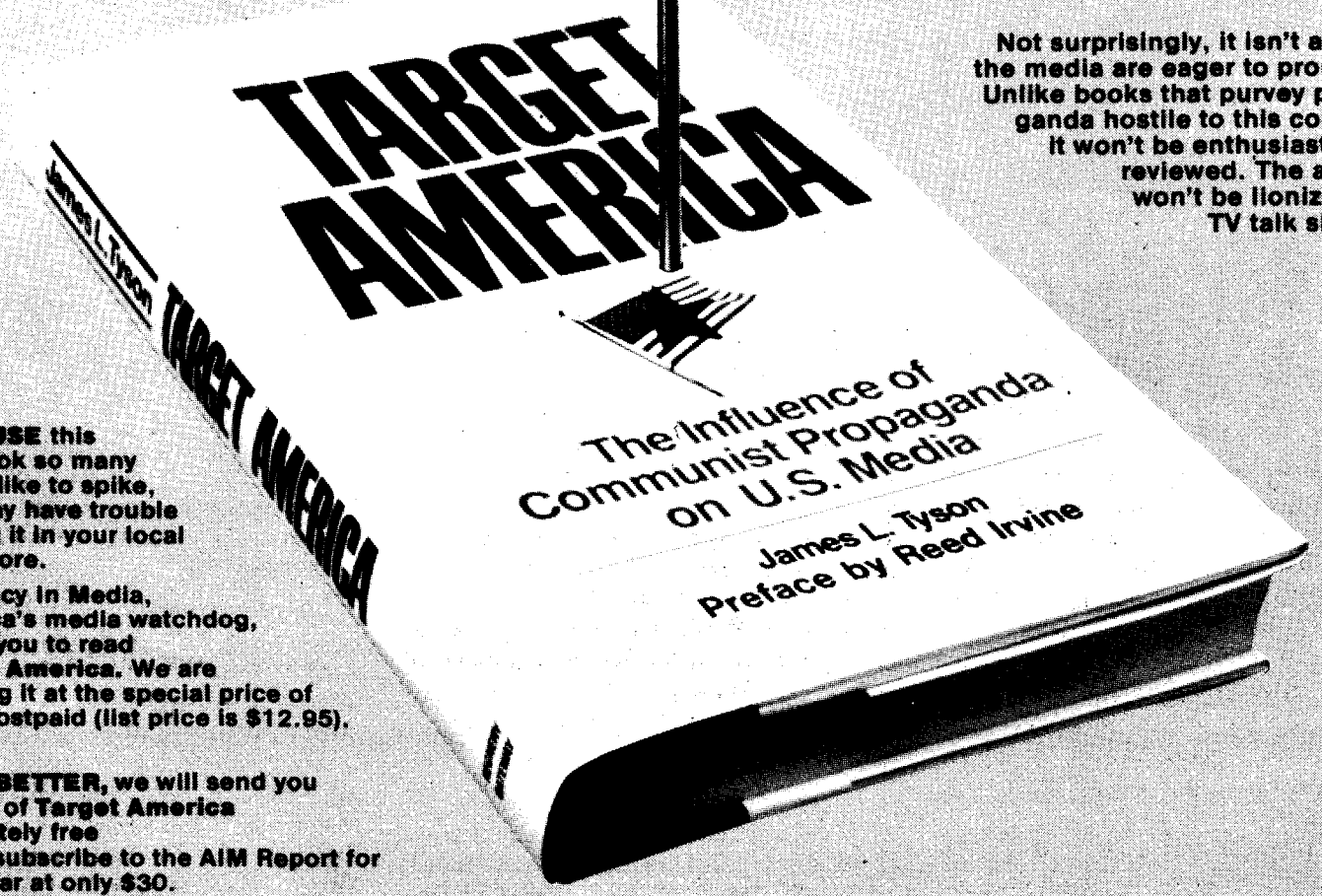

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- Who was behind the media war on the CIA?
- What journalist admitted that he and others had been "intermediaries for a lying and criminal propaganda—ingenuous spokesmen for tyranny in the name of liberty?"
- What powerful American newspaper launched its own campaign against the neutron bomb only a few weeks before the Soviets began their worldwide campaign against this weapon?
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form cooperation takes. The Mobilization for Survival (MFS) can serve as a model of how Communist and peace organizations have become intertwined. Until recently, when the size of the crowds expected this June made it too much for one organization to handle, the MFS had primary responsibility for organizing the mass demonstrations planned for the Second UN Special Session on Disarmament. (Now, organizing will be done by over a dozen groups making up the June 12 Rally Committee, among them the U.S. Peace Council.) According to the published accounts by MFS leaders, the organization was established in 1977 after Peggy Duff, a leader in the British disarmament movement long active in the World Peace Council, told U.S. peace group representatives that the first UN Special Session on Disarmament (which started as a WPC project in 1975), scheduled for May 1978, was of "historic importance" and it was up to American peace groups to make sure it had maximum public impact. Labor organizer Sidney Lens, long active in the Chicago Peace Council, and sociology professor Dr. Sidney Peck, identified in a 1970 staff study prepared for the Internal Security Committee of the House of Representatives as a member of the Wisconsin State Committee of the Communist Party, took the initiative in establishing the Mobilization for Survival which then organized demonstrations in connection with the 1978 UN Special Session on Disarmament. According to its own no doubt generous estimate, MFS was able to produce only 25,000 demonstrators for that first disarmament session. It is a mark of the peace-movement explosion about 250,000 demonstrators are now expected. A delegation is coming from Europe, and from Japan alone 1,000 demonstrators are being flown in.

The Fellowship of Reconciliation and the War Resisters League and other pacifist organizations became part of MFS upon its founding in 1977. So did SANE and Clergy and Laity Concerned, the U.S. Communist Party with three of its fronts, and in 1979 the U.S. Peace Council. The third element in the MFS was anti-nuclear energy groups. No national environmental organizations joined, but a host of local groups did, their names ranging from Mississippi Alliance for the Environment to the more colorful Appletree, Dogwood, Jackrabbit and Crabshell Alliance.

With a double constituency of anti-nuclear energy and anti-nuclear weapons groups, the Mobilization has worked on both fronts, using such slogans as "Zero Nuclear Weapons" and "Ban Nuclear Power." But there is little doubt that the primary interest of its leaders is in disarmament. A 1979 MFS demonstration in Washington, D.C. brought a World Peace Council delegation to address the rally, including Werner Rumpel, head of the East German Peace Council and Nicholas Schouten, a leader of the Communist Party of the Netherlands, who played a key role in organizing the anti-neutron bomb campaign there.

Those directing MFS activities wear a variety of hats. The head of its Labor Taskforce is Gil Green, a member of the U.S. Communist Party's central committee, whose major responsibility within the Party has been coordinating relations with peace organizations. Head of the MFS International Task Force is Terry Provance, who also heads the AFSC's Disarmament Task Force and was one of the sponsors of the U.S. Peace Council.

Needless to say, what such developments as the founding and growing acceptance of the U.S. Peace Council or the unabashed fellow-travelling of the Mobilization for Survival coalition signify is that the Soviets do indeed have input into the U.S. peace movement. And whenever well-intentioned people, who are not necessarily wise people, have tried to cooperate with Communists for what they are persuaded are common goals, the results have been disastrous to the well-intentioned. So well did a socialist-pacifist like Norman Thomas learn this lesson that, shortly before America's entry into World War II, in his last ditch effort to keep America out of the war, he cooperated with the America First movement, which he detested, but refused to cooperate with the Communists (then opposed to entering the war because the Stalin-Hitler pact was in effect). Even A.J. Muste knew better than he spoke when he encouraged pacifists to enter into coalitions with Communists during the Vietnam era. At the time of the Korean War, Muste wrote that Communists advocate coalition governments because the strictly disciplined Communist Party always dominates such coalitions and before long takes them over. It is presumably a principle equally applicable to coalitions with Communists outside of government.

Does it then follow that the nuclear freeze is an example of successful Soviet manipulation? Is the specific proposal simply a target of opportunity, or is more involved? According to journalist Peter Pringle, writing in the *New Republic,* the nuclear freeze proposal had its origin in a meeting called by the American Friends Service Committee in the summer of 1979. Sidney Lens writes in April's *Progressive* that the freeze was "organized on the initiative" of Terry Provance and Randall Forsberg. Forsberg, formerly of the Stockholm Peace Research Institute, has now established her own think tank, the Institute for Defense and Disarmament Studies. Provance, as we just noted, is disarmament director of the American Friends Service Committee, head of the MFS International Task Force, and was a sponsor of the U.S. Peace Council. But he wears yet another hat. Terry Provance is one of 40 official U.S. members of the World Peace Council. He was elected to this position at the WPC's 1977 meeting in Warsaw. Whatever the case, it is clear that the Soviets want to see the freeze grow. Last August, when the AFSC was trying to build momentum for the freeze, it staged a three-day march in New England. En route the marchers were addressed by Yuri Kapralov, a counselor at the Soviet Embassy in Washington, who said that the Soviet Union had "a very favorable view of the idea of a weapons freeze." The International Secretariat of the Christian Peace Conference, the Soviet front that targets Western churches, declared at a meeting in Moscow in January 1982 that "the principle task of the peace movement today is to support all efforts for a freeze on nuclear weapons as a first step toward disarmament." The U.S. Peace Council has thrown itself into freeze work. U.S. Peace Council chairman Michael Myerson signed the initial "Call" for the

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freeze and the World Peace Council's *Peace Courier* in December 1981 praised the role the U.S. Peace Council was taking in collecting signatures for it. U.S. Peace Council sponsor and U.S. delegate to the 1980 World Peace Council conference in Bulgaria Irving Stolberg, who is also a Connecticut state legislator, coordinated the campaign that passed the freeze proposal at the state level in Connecticut and Michigan state senators and U.S. Peace Council sponsors Jackie Vaughan III and Perry Bullard worked for it in the Michigan legislature.

There is small cause for wonder that the Soviet Union encourages the freeze campaign; Secretary of State Haig, however, calls it "not only bad defense and security policy . . . [but] bad arms control policy as well." The Administration's skepticism is warranted. The freeze is bad security policy because the U.S. land-based missile force is vulnerable to a Soviet first strike—and a nuclear freeze would freeze its vulnerability, ensuring the Soviet Union an enormous strategic advantage in any future negotiations. In Europe, now targeted by 300 Soviet mobile missiles equipped with 900 warheads, failure to deploy the Pershing II and cruise missiles would ensure its neutralization, eventually giving the Soviet Union the kind of dominant influence it exerts over Finland. It is bad arms control policy because the Soviet Union would have no incentive to negotiate arms *reduction*—the goal of arms control policies—once its superiority were frozen. From the Soviet standpoint, the fervor over the freeze offers the opportunity to revert to earlier proposals and call them a freeze: Brezhnev has proposed that in exchange for a U.S. "freeze" in not deploying any weapons systems to counter the SS20s, the Soviet Union will withdraw the latter beyond the Urals. Since the missiles are mobile, however, they could be returned at the Soviet Union's convenience; moreover, even from behind the Urals they could devastate any European target.

Does the Soviet Union want a freeze on nuclear weapons beyond Europe? Not if it is verifiable, i.e., with on-site inspection. (Aware of this, freeze leaders say satellite inspection will be ample.) For the Soviet Union the ideal situation is prolonged negotiations over the content (and method of verification) of a freeze, during which the United States would be restrained by public opinion from deploying new systems or even increasing defense expenditures while the Soviet Union methodically continued to build up its arsenal.

Nonetheless, the idea of the freeze has tremendous power. One organization, the War Resisters League, was initially lukewarm on the grounds that the freeze failed to make connections to "anti-racist, anti-sexist and a whole variety of other oppressed peoples' struggles." But this is precisely its attraction. The freeze appeals to the fears everyone shares of nuclear war and presents a measure that is simple, one the man in the street feels he can fully grasp. Moreover, it sounds even-handed for it calls upon the United States and Soviet Union to adopt a *mutual* freeze. And why should one expect the average person to think more carefully of the implications of the freeze when congressmen, with staffs hired to consider the ramifications of legislation, are piling on the freeze bandwagon? By March 10, 129 congressmen had announced they would seek a resolution of both houses asking the President to negotiate an atomic-weapons freeze.

Why have peace organizations, both the traditional pacifist ones and the newer breed of post-World War II organizations, shown so little resistance to Soviet manipulation? Why were the organizations, under their initial leadership, so much more wary of Communism? For one thing, some of the earlier leaders had been burned by actual experience and their subsequent vigilance sheltered a newer generation. Stalin's death was immensely important, allowing the leaders of peace organizations to delude themselves that the Communist world had been transformed. The greater sophistication of some of the post-war peace fronts also played a role. The Christian Peace Conference, for instance, which gives Soviet policies a theological aura, convinced many organizations—and churches—that there are independent peace movements behind the Iron Curtain.

A major turning point in making cooperation with Communists acceptable was the Vietnam war. A.J. Muste's influence was again important. He eased pacifist fears of cooperating with groups that endorsed revolutionary violence by suggesting that radical pacifists were equally compromised by cooperating with those who "in practice are aligned with Western nations and are less sensitive to factors of violence, suppression and evil in American and Western culture than in the non-Western world." Critics within the pacifist movement charged that the end result of all the coalitions of peace groups and sectarian varieties of Communists was to destroy pacifism. Albert Hassler, a Fellowship of Reconciliation staffer for 32 years, and executive secretary from 1960 until his retirement in 1974, wrote:

> The question for pacifists, I think, is whether, in their proper sympathy for the exploited and oppressed of the world, they are willing to justify the use of killing violence to rectify the situation, when it is used by "liberation" movements. If they are, then pacifism itself was one of the casualties of Vietnam.

Nonpacifist peace organizations, including SANE and Women Strike for Peace, were equally affected. SANE experienced sharp divisions, with its executive director, Donald Keys, and others on the staff resigning after a number of chapters were captured by radicals. During the war years, a number of U.S. peace organizations began to send delegations to participate in World Peace Council conferences which, under Soviet guidance, were designed to coordinate activities in opposition to the war.

Deliberate Communist infiltration is yet another factor that has driven the peace movements leftward. SANE and Women Strike for Peace have been Communist targets from their inception. SANE was forced to purge itself of Communists in 1960, only three years after its formation; so successful had the infiltration been that a fourth of the chapters had to be expelled from the organization. But, as we have seen, with the Vietnam war SANE was again radicalized. In 1962, Congress held

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hearings on Communist infiltration of Women Strike for Peace. The women achieved a publicity victory by packing the hearing room with their babies and handing flowers to each of the women called to testify. In the end penetration continued unchecked. Lawrence Scott, an executive of the American Friends Service Committee who initiated SANE as an attempt to reach out to nonpacifists, acknowledged the problem of Communist infiltration over twenty years ago. He believed that pacifist organizations were better protected because of their refusal to separate ends and means. Of course, with the breakdown of their commitment to that principle, pacifist groups have become equally subject to infiltration and manipulation. The process is furthest advanced in Europe. According to the annual report of the Office for the Defense of the Constitution of the West German Ministry of the Interior, Communists have leading positions in the national executive of the West German War Resisters League.

But by far the most important factor in facilitating the transformation of the peace organizations into channels that, for all practical purposes, serve Soviet interests has been a common view of the world all the peace groups discussed here have come to share: the vision of the United States as the greatest threat to world peace and the chief agent of militarism, imperialism, racism, and economic exploitation. In a by no means atypical article, a Women's International League for Peace and Freedom staffer writes that United States society is "an oligarchy composed of a very few wealthy people who have been able to spread considerable well-being among their supporters, agents, willing serfs and the general public by plundering the ignorant and weak here and in other parts of the world." The co-chairman of Clergy and Laity Concerned, John Collins, quotes approvingly the words of another CALC official who said that corporate capitalism "needs a hungry world to enable it to operate 'efficiently.'" A 1981 conference held by the War Resisters League on Feminism and Militarism turned into a burlesque of these causes. A graduate student in "Irish Liberation Theology" explained the sexism inherent in the neutron bomb which "would destroy all that was born of women or the earth, while preserving men's creative efforts." A black lesbian organizer with the Marxist-Leninist People's Anti-War Mobilization tore into capitalism and imperialism.

There is, in other words, hardly any gap between the peace movement's perspective and that of the Soviet Union on how to create a more just global society. The World Peace Council's publications also inveigh against the evils of imperialism, militarism, sexism, racism, all of which they too define as the peculiar property of the United States and its "puppets." It is difficult to distinguish between the foreign policy the World Peace Council, under Soviet guidance, would like the United States to pursue, and the policy the peace organizations would like it to pursue. Indeed, given the identity of underlying views, is there any reason for peace organizations to resist Soviet infiltration and manipulation?

We are left, finally, with an approach to peacemaking whose essence is the double standard. After the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan the pacifist organizations, all of which make a strong point of their belief in resistance—nonviolent resistance—to aggression, might have been expected to support United States responses that stopped short of violence, including the Olympic boycott and the grain embargo. In fact, they sharply opposed any U.S. efforts to counter the Soviet action. (The same thing happened after the repression of Solidarity in Poland. WILPF passed a statement that ignored events in Poland but attacked Reagan's "political and economic sanctions" and called on him "to restore ties with Poland and the Soviet Union to their previous levels.") An article in WILPF's journal by then WILPF international president Kay Camp summed up the organization's view of the invasion of Afghanistan: "While military intervention is always regrettable, the Soviet interest in having close relations with a neighboring country with which it shares a 2000 mile border is understandable."

The peace organizations are concerned almost wholly with U.S. disarmament. David McReynolds of the War Resisters League says frankly that the only "politically realistic" approach is bold unilateral initiatives and the League is in fact circulating a statement calling for unilateral nuclear disarmament. The Riverside Church Disarmament Program minimizes the Soviet "threat" which its publications put in quotation marks. It relies heavily on publications and speakers from the America-the-enemy think tank, the Institute for Policy Studies. This is scarcely surprising since the program is headed by Cora Weiss, daughter of Samuel Rubin, whose Samuel Rubin Foundation, directed by Cora and her husband Peter Weiss, has long served as the major funder of IPS. We are even hearing Soviet slogans passed off as native American peace products. The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom recently announced a new program called STAR, standing for Stop the Arms Race. An innocent enough sounding phrase, it was the slogan of the World Peace Council's 1975 Second Stockholm Appeal campaign, repeated as a litany in its documents: To Make Détente Irreversible—Stop the Arms Race, To Defend the Peace and Build a New World—Stop the Arms Race. What the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom has been able to add is some Hollywood stars—Joanne Woodward, Marlo Thomas, Vinie Burrows, and Polly Bergen are participating in this latest World Peace Council propaganda triumph.

For all their fraudulence, the American peace organizations have grounds to hope that they may find themselves at the center of a great mass movement for disarmament in the United States. Peace organizations have been mushrooming—there are now sixty sizable ones. The older organizations are growing. The Fellowship doubled its membership last year; Physicians for Social Responsibility increased its membership sevenfold; SANE reported an 88-percent increase; the U.S. Peace Council now boasts forty chapters around the country. Other organizations are rediscovering the bomb. The Union of Concerned Scientists, which began in 1969 as a

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disarmament group, turned almost all its attention in the 1970s to the then more fashionable issue of nuclear power. Now it is back with the bomb, organizing teach-ins on campuses around the country, a consciousness-raising tactic which proved effective in the Vietnam war period.

Much more important than the growth of the peace organizations themselves is the influence they are having on major institutions, especially the church. An "Abolitionist Covenant" is circulating through the churches which affirms willingness to live without nuclear weapons as a religious commitment and calls for a freeze as a first step. The Presbyterian Church, the United Church of Christ, the Disciples of Christ, the Methodist Church, and the Episcopal Church have all voted to make "peace" their priority issue. This is being translated into such measures as the creation, by the United Church of Christ, of "Peace Advocacy" groups in every state to encourage people to "lobby for peace" in Washington. The umbrella National Council of Churches has already endorsed the freeze. The Riverside Church Disarmament Program is training Disciples of Christ ministers to become peace pastors. And the National Conference of Catholic Bishops is taking an active role, condemning any threat to use the American nuclear arsenal, even in response to Soviet prior use. Last November, 29 Catholic bishops condemned the very possession of nuclear weapons as "immoral."

Major environmental organizations, long wary of becoming involved in defense issues, are beginning to man the peace barricades. The Physicians for Social Responsibility's Helen Caldicott, who recently called the nuclear arms race a case of "missile envy" stemming "from an inadequate male sexual complex on the part of world leaders," has urged the Sierra Club to come in on the ground that nuclear war would destroy mammals, birds, and the ozone layer. Caldicott suggested that this was really her own primary concern. She said she had "come to terms with my own death" but "I just worship this earth. . . . So I really care immensely if this earth is to be destroyed. And that's where the Sierra Club comes in." The Sierra Club, whose ranks have been swollen to 300,000 members in 1982, a 44-percent increase in one year, shows every sign of indeed coming in. Its executive committee has already adopted a resolution to lend "support for worldwide disarmament," a cautious entry to be sure, but one likely to lead to what, from the standpoint of the peace movement, are better things. Environmental groups see new propaganda potentialities for their long-standing fight against nuclear power. The Environmental Policy Center now calculates the "warhead equivalent" of commercial reactors. South Carolina's anti-nuclear energy Palmetto Alliance argues that "every time you flick a switch and it's nuclear generated electricity, you're helping to make a bomb." The Alliance notes happily that "people really respond to that."

What explains the current runaway success of the disarmament movement? Fear of nuclear war, never far below the surface of public consciousness, has in the past been tempered by other fears and by confidence in public authorities. For the generation of World War II the Soviet threat was real, as was belief in the need for American strength to contain it. Whatever moral reservations were held regarding nuclear bombs, the right and even necessity of their being a component of the U.S. arsenal was not generally challenged.

What is new is distrust of the U.S. government by its citizens which in recent years has mounted to such an extent that for significant numbers the mere fact that the government states something is sufficient warrant to believe the opposite is true. Long nurtured by the extreme Left, this attitude has spilled over to segments of the media, to the universities, to the leadership of mainline churches. The resolutions passed by these churches in the last decade reflect a view of American institutions as oppressive and of America's role in the world as one of global oppressor. Such attitudes made the climate ripe for Soviet propaganda offensives conducted chiefly through the World Peace Council, which had been able to establish ties with elements of the adversary culture.

The election of Ronald Reagan was a galvanizing experience for those in the adversary culture—at the same time a shattering defeat and a proof that their worst fears were on the verge of being realized. The nuclear freeze proposal, with its evenhanded veneer, has served as a brilliant, even inspired lever by which to mobilize the public's inevitable anxieties about living in the nuclear age into a weapon to prevent achievement of the Reagan Administration's keystone effort: the restoration of U.S. defense capabilities.

Only two years ago a study of peace organizations commissioned by the Institute of World Order found them discouraged and demoralized. Thanks largely to the runaway success of the freeze, they are today transformed. This is not to say that all the peace organizations are enamored of the freeze. We have already noted the objections of the War Resisters League. Roger Molander, head of Ground Zero, which for a week in April raised consciousness by hypothesizing direct hits in several hundred cities and describing how they would look after an atomic bomb had hit them, says he does not like the freeze because it will not lead to arms reductions.

Even the most ardent proponents of the freeze see it as just the beginning. Don Ebener of the Fellowship of Reconciliation says "the freeze is only the first step toward total disarmament and it's only to be used as a tool toward that end." Peace groups have plenty of other proposals in the works, including tax resistance, initially in the "symbolic" form of withholding the federal tax on the telephone bill. The project dearest to the heart of the peace movement is "conversion," i.e., converting military industries to civilian production. Pacifist organizations, of course, want to eliminate our war-making potential altogether. Other groups propose cutting military expenditures by 50-80 percent, cuts they say are feasible even if no further arms agreements are reached with the Soviets.

Given the international realities, it is all too obvious where the peace movement would lead us. *Contentions*, the newsletter of the Committee for the Free World, whose executive director is writer Midge Decter, has put it succinctly:

> The people who claim to seek universal disarmament, to the extent that their efforts will succeed, will bring about only the disarmament of the democracies. A world in which the democracies have renounced the means to defend themselves against a mightily armed totalitarianism is a world in which there will be no freedom *and* no peace.

There are signs some peace organizations are aware of what lies down the road. If disarmament leads to invasion, they are calling for "transarmament," which means nonviolent resistance and noncooperation. They assure us it will make effective occupation of this country "impossible." Indeed, an article in the War Resisters League journal suggests that it is time for the United States to start thinking about the nonviolent defense of the country. □

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Alvin H. Rosenfeld

OPEN SECRETS OF THE HOLOCAUST

Why won't the question go away?

World War II began officially on September 1, 1939 when Germany invaded Poland, but Hitler's war against the Jews already had begun many years before. In a series of strident pronouncements delivered throughout the 1930s, the German Führer vowed the wholesale spoliation and destruction of European Jewry, and, as early as 1935, with the passage of the Nuremberg laws, he set about to enact his murderous obsessions. Did no one believe him? Tragically, as we know, too few did, but it is simply not the case that none of Hitler's contemporaries took him at his word. As early as December 16, 1939, the *Times* of London was predicting the outcome of Hitler's campaign against the Jews. On the basis of evidence already in hand, the *Times* reported that the Germans were establishing in occupied Poland a special "Jewish reserve" or "concentration area" into which millions of Jews would be gathered "for gradual extermination." This was not to be a scheme for "resettlement" but part of the preliminary planning for a program of unparalleled violence that would culminate in a "massacre such as Nazi imagination can conceive." What does it say about the imagination of the Allied powers that they were reluctant to give credence to such a plan? Or what does it suggest about the strength and motivation of their will that they did so pitifully little to oppose it? Despite the passage of almost forty years since the war's end, these questions not only remain with us but are being asked with a sense of urgency that seems to increase rather than lessen as the decades go by. They are raised anew and on the most serious levels of historical and moral contestation in two splendid recent books by Walter Laqueur and Martin Gilbert.

Laqueur's *The Terrible Secret** and Gilbert's *Auschwitz and the Allies*† both set out to tell pretty much the same story, namely, how and when information about the extermination of the Jews became available and how various individuals, institutions, and governments responded to such information, or, as was more often the case, failed to respond. With an eye to surveying both the sources of war-time intelligence and its receivers, Laqueur focuses on the role of the Germans, the Allies, the neutral powers, the Vatican, the International Red Cross, and the Jews themselves, and though he restricts himself to the period between June 1941 and the end of 1942, he has no trouble compiling an enormous amount of information that flowed out of Poland and the other occupied countries. Gilbert extends the time span to 1945 and the end of the war, concentrating primarily on England and the United States and on the abundance and variety of reports reaching these two countries. The documentation offered in these two books is simply staggering in its size and detail, and the record of individual incompetence and antipathy, of institutional inertia, and even outright governmental suppression is heartbreaking and appalling.

As Laqueur points out in his opening chapter on Germany, that country "was not a hermetically closed society," and "despite secrecy and disinformation the 'final solution' was an open secret almost from the beginning." Details at first may have been lacking, but the larger picture was obvious enough for anyone willing to see it. As German soldiers began to return home from the eastern front or as they and others indicated in countless conversations, postcards, letters, and photographs, more and more of the facts began to seep out. Indeed, the amount of information available was such that "by the end of 1942, millions in Germany knew that the Jewish question had been radically solved . . . and that most or all of those who had been deported were no longer alive."

If millions of Germans knew, so too did countless others throughout Europe. The Polish underground developed an extensive network of information that sent regular reports from Warsaw to London. Zionist and other Jewish organizations had listening posts in Geneva, and through the effective work of two men in particular, Dr. Gerhard Riegner of the World Jewish Congress and Richard Lichtheim of the Jewish Agency, there was a continual flow of news reaching Palestine, England, and America. The Swedes, the Swiss, the Spaniards, and the Turks knew through their diplomatic emissaries what was taking place, and their couriers frequently acted as a vital link with the Polish underground in passing valuable information to London. The Vatican was in a privileged position to ascertain the nature of events and, as Laqueur concludes, "was either first, or among the first, to learn about the fate of the deported Jews." The International Red Cross was not far behind in its own news-gathering capacity. Nor were the Soviet authorities blind to what was taking place, for much of the worst of it began within or only shortly beyond Russian borders. Nevertheless, "like the Vatican the Russians knew much more than they decided to publish," and in what

*Little, Brown and Company, $12.95.

†Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $15.95.

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they did make known they intentionally and consistently played down the facts of the "final solution." Indeed, to this day the Soviet Union refuses to acknowledge that a specifically intended Nazi holocaust of the Jews took place in Eastern Europe.

What about England and the United States? While Laqueur sketches in the broad outlines of their involvement, one learns more from the fuller and copiously detailed narrative provided by Martin Gilbert. What one learns is overwhelmingly distressing: Too many people in the British ministries and the U.S. Department of State minimized, muffled, or otherwise suppressed the information they were receiving. There were those who thought the Jews were wildly exaggerating the extent of their suffering and discounted the reports of Nazi atrocities reaching them from the east as so much familiar Jewish "wailing" or "sob stuff." Others may have believed that unprecedented acts of persecution were under way, but until it was possible to verify the precise details it was thought better not to go public with such stories. Still others worried that publicizing reports of Hitler's killings would infuriate the Germans and incite them to increase the pace of the slaughter. Might not such revelations also result in an increase of anti-Semitism on the home front? Some in England thought that it would, and they used such arguments not only to suppress the news of the Nazi massacres but to discourage the large numbers of Jewish refugees who might look to Great Britain as a haven from Hitler's fury. As Herbert Morrison, a member of Churchill's War Cabinet, put it, if more Jews were allowed in, it might "stir up an unpleasant degree of anti-Semitism (of which there is a fair amount just below the surface), and that would be bad for the country and the Jewish community." Equally bad, from this standpoint, would be a heavy influx of Jews into Palestine, and, given the British White Paper and the bureaucratic will to enforce it rigorously, the restriction policy was applied with severity and obstinacy to prevent Jewish emigration from the European countries to the Middle East. Consequently, rescue attempts—in those countries where rescue was still possible—were retarded rather than encouraged, the prime worry here the reaction of the Arabs and not the relief of the threatened Jews. In sum, the fate of the Jews was a marginal issue, unpleasant, no doubt, but not of priority concern. The result was that the information reaching British policy-makers was played down or just put aside, the idea (construed in its most benign terms) being that the end of Jewish suffering would come with the Allied defeat of Hitler and the end of the European war itself.

This view prevailed in Washington as well as in London and was one of the chief arguments put forth in both capitals for not bombing the camps or otherwise diverting the military for any special attempt to save the Jews. Churchill seems to have understood the extent of the tragedy and was far more ready than most of his ministers to consider exceptional efforts but, as Gilbert makes clear, Churchill was not always the final arbiter of policy, and other, far less compassionate voices, such as Anthony Eden's, prevailed. In the United States, John McCloy played a similar role and more often than not acted to obstruct or otherwise discourage the recommendations of Roosevelt's War Refugee Board. Thus, while functionaries in London and Washington quibbled over the nature of the reports, the trains continued to move their doomed cargos to what was commonly referred to as "an unknown destination in the east."

Just how "unknown" were the places to which the Jews were taken? Richard Lichtheim, in one of his countless letters from Geneva, declared as early as the summer of 1942 that "we now know that deportation means death," but at that point he himself did not always grasp precisely where the trains were going or just how in every case the Jews were being killed. At the time he wrote *The Terrible Secret,* Laqueur contended that it was uncertain just when British intelligence learned of Auschwitz, and Gilbert claims that not until the summer of 1944 could the Allies clearly identify this largest of the Nazi killing centers in Poland. In a recent article in the *New Republic*, however, Laqueur cites new information showing that British intelligence was on to the true nature of Auschwitz as early as the spring of 1942, when the Allies decrypted daily reports coming from the camps, including the death camp at Auschwitz-Birkenau. Moreover, as both Gilbert and Laqueur reveal time and again, the mass shootings carried out by the *Einsatzgruppen* were well known almost from the start, and it was fairly common knowledge early on that hundreds of thousands of Jews had met their deaths in the ghettos of Warsaw, Lodz, and other places, as well as in the camps at Belzec, Chelmno, Majdanek, Sobibor, and Treblinka. Even if Auschwitz had maintained its secret for months after the gas chambers went into operation, there still would have been no lack of reliable information about the Nazi war of genocide against the Jews. People may not always have wanted to believe the information they were receiving, or possibly they felt helpless or reluctant to act upon it, but there is no question that millions knew just how matters stood with the Jews in Nazi-occupied Europe.

Of all the countries under occupation, none is more vexing or more disheartening to contemplate than France. What makes the French case so dismaying—especially for those who traditionally looked to that country as an exemplar of liberal democratic values—is the autonomous character of its anti-Jewish policies.

Beginning in the summer of 1940, when the Vichy regime introduced a series of anti-Semitic measures, the French government systematically and energetically persecuted Jews living in France. Well before the Nazis themselves encouraged it, the French authorities began to identify, round up, and incarcerate large numbers of Jews. Acting upon their own initiative and not German orders, French police officials insisted that young children be included in the transports out of the country, a move independent of any decisions made in Berlin but a source of special satisfaction to Eichmann and his colleagues for its

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confirmation of French readiness to participate fully and even eagerly in the anti-Jewish actions. As a result, Vichy France won for itself in 1942 the appalling distinction of joining Bulgaria as the only other European country freely to deport Jews from territories not subject to German military occupation. The best estimates available today indicate that some 76,000 Jews were shipped out of France in cattle cars, only three percent of whom managed to return at war's end.

Just how was Vichy's anti-Jewish program developed? Who were its principle actors, and what motivated them? And how did the rest of the French population react as their Jewish neighbors were stripped first of their rights, then of their homes and property, and finally, as was often the case, of their lives? The first set of questions is answered in Michael Marrus and Robert Paxton's *Vichy France and the Jews.*‡ The last question is addressed in vivid detail by David Pryce-Jones's *Paris in the Third Reich.*** These two volumes provide as thorough and exacting a history of the French national collapse as most readers could hope to find in English.

Marrus and Paxton show that France under Pétain and Laval did not need much encouragement from the Germans to set into motion and to sustain a full-scale program of discrimination against the Jews. The roots of Vichy anti-Semitism went deep into French culture and reached large segments of the population. A native tradition of anti-Jewish sentiment preceded Vichy by decades and included some particularly prominent intellectual exponents. Thus when it came time to give political expression to such hostility, the willingness to do so was ready at hand. The French anti-Jewish statute of October 1940, for instance, was both more stringent and more inclusive than German ordinances of that period. Under the impetus of Xavier Vallat, a long-time anti-Semite appointed to the new ministerial post of commissioner-general for Jewish affairs, and later under his successor, the ardently pro-Nazi Louis Darquier de Pellepoix, French officials set about to eradicate the Jewish presence in French life. Laws were passed that removed Jews from the judicial and educational systems, reduced their positions in the liberal professions, the civil service, and the army, purged them from commerce, the crafts, and industry, silenced them within the media and the cultural arts—all this chiefly to further indigenous French goals and not to serve external Nazi designs. The policy extended across the Mediterranean, where the Jews of Algeria were quickly deprived of citizenship and in many ways treated even more harshly than Jews in France.

In time, Vichy's anti-Jewish program came to be exploited by the Germans, but its initial drive was inspired from within and not from without. The decision to impose a *numerus clausus* in the professions and the universities, for instance, was a French decision, enacted for what were considered honorable reasons of national interest. Such measures had little difficulty winning support within the ranks of French professionals and the student unions, whose members realized that they stood to gain from the elimination of "foreign" Jewish competition. The same, of course, held true for French bankers, businessmen, craftsmen, and others, many of whom were glad to see the Jews go, especially if their departure could be sanctioned, as it was, by French law.

Where did the Jews go when they were forced out? Emigration was difficult, and only small numbers managed to leave the country. Of those who remained, many attempted to go into hiding, some of them successfully. Tens of thousands, however, particularly foreign-born Jews, were taken to concentration camps, of which there were more than thirty in the southern zone by the fall of 1940. These were built and maintained by the French themselves, and administrative responsibility for them, at least until the end of 1942, lay entirely with Vichy. Horribly inhumane places, they contributed, as Marrus and Paxton understate, "one of the darkest chapters in Vichy policy toward the Jews."

Did French public opinion know of such places and did it generally support the widespread anti-Jewish program? While there was a measure of opposition from within French Protestantism and, to a lesser degree, from some left-wing Catholics, the evidence seems to be that most people simply didn't care, at least in the early period of the persecutions. The traditional Left was conspicuously quiet, and neither the Socialist Party nor the Communist Party exerted itself very strenuously in behalf of the Jews. The general mood, in fact, was one of indifference, if not outright appeasement and complicity. After all, when Pétain allowed himself to be photographed at Montoire with Hitler and publicly declared that "it is with honor and in order to maintain French unity . . . that today I am embarking on the path of collaboration," the average Frenchman could hardly have been expected to act differently. In the words of David Pryce-Jones, "What was good enough for Pétain was good enough for the man in the street."

Pryce-Jones's richly illustrated and often brilliantly descriptive history of Paris during the years of German occupation shows that street life in the French capital was far from destitute despite the inevitable hardships brought on by the war. As military occupations go, the German occupation of Paris was relatively "soft" and bears virtually no comparison to the brutally harsh conditions that prevailed elsewhere in Nazi-occupied Europe. While there were shortages and inconveniences for many, there was also more than a little semblance of business as usual for most. The cabarets and restaurants remained open, as did the theaters, museums, cafés, music halls, race tracks, libraries, and educational institutions. The artistic establishment did not cease its activities, nor did the professional women of the streets and avenues of night-time entertainment. There were French firms that grew rich in their collaborations with the German war-industry, French artists and singers who grew famous, and French journalists who lacked no outlets for their writing. Collaborationist newspapers flourished, as did the publishing and film industries. Pryce-Jones cites the figure of 9,348 titles published in France at the height of the war in 1943 (compared with 8,320 Ameri-

‡Basic Books, $20.95.

**Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $25.00.

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can titles) and 225 full-length feature films and over 400 documentaries and cartoons produced by the French film industry during the occupation, overtaking production in Germany. As these figures indicate, there were obvious advantages to going along with the Germans, and some of France's best known intellectuals did what they thought they must to maintain their careers. While numerous Jewish writers and musicians were silenced, and while a Bergson was forced to submit to the humiliations and implicit dangers of an anti-Jewish census (declaring himself as "Academic. Philosopher. Nobel Prize winner. Jew."), a Sartre or a Simone de Beauvoir found easier ways to get by:

Sartre, who claimed that the line ought to be drawn at the collaborationist press, in fact wrote books and plays and the odd literary article for publication. *L'être et le néant* [*Being and Nothingness*], the disquisition of German philosophy which was the basis of his professional reputation, was published in 1943 with the German censor's stamp of approval. Nothing that Sartre wrote in it about Heidegger or Husserl gave grounds for anything except official satisfaction.

The same held true of other of Sartre's wartime writings. As Pryce-Jones sums it up, "What are considered Sartre's masterpieces had seen the light of day with the swastika seal of approval set on them by the Propaganda Abteilung." By contrast, "Galtier-Boissière, it will be recalled, had preferred to sell secondhand books for a living rather than accept the indignity of submitting what he wrote to Nazi officialdom." And Albert Camus, it might further be recalled, solved the problem of the French writer under occupation by joining the Resistance.

The Resistance took a long time to get going. According to Pryce-Jones, "Paris under occupation remained more tranquil than it had ever been in the years of peace. . . . In the first six months of the occupation, Parisians had watched their city being occupied, and their police and their politics and their press being reconditioned, and they had reacted with absolute docility. . . . Nothing had taken place that can be called resistance." The mood of compliant adaptation lasted a long time, encouraged by the practical advantages that came with collaboration and, for some at least, reinforced by the nationalist fervor embodied in the ranks of the numerous French Fascist organizations. In such a climate it is not surprising that Jews were denounced by the tens of thousands to the German offices and the French police, or that Drancy, the large concentration camp located conspicuously just outside of Paris, which was to receive so many of them, functioned smoothly enough and, through most of its lifetime, under French and not German jurisdiction. Pryce-Jones depicts Simone de Beauvoir going out to Drancy "to wave gaily through the wire around the perimeter at a young Jewish acquaintance; he had a few more weeks to live," and, in contradistinction to Beauvoir's avowal of incomplete knowledge of the camp, remarks that Drancy was an open secret. "Everybody in Paris knew what was happening; yet there was neither spontaneous nor organized protest of any kind."

The horror escalated at the end of June 1942 when Eichmann came to Paris and presented Himmler's directive that all Jews living in France be prepared for deportation to the east. His program of identification and roundup called for the imposition of the Star of David, a move that French officials objected to and tried to resist. Instead, the Vichy government took an action that Marrus and Paxton judge to have been even more threatening: "It ordered all Jews' vital personal documents stamped *Juif* or *Juive*. . . . [Thus] instead of the cloth of the outer garment, which everyone could see, it preferred paper, concealed from all eyes but the civil servant's."

As matters turned out, the Star of David was successfully imposed and the Jews were to be doubly marked. In addition, the Jewish section of the Paris Prefecture of Police had a card-file swollen with the names of almost 150,000 Jews, a massive register to which the Germans had ready access. Cooperation among the French civil service, the police, and Nazi occupation officials was close, virtually assuring the success of their operations. The most dramatic of these took place on July 16-17, 1942, when the French police went into action (there were 9,000 of them, divided into some 900 arresting teams, aided by 300-400 auxiliary French Fascists), and rounded up almost 13,000 Jews, most of whom were seized at their homes and taken to the Vel d'Hiv, a large Parisian sports arena. More than a hundred of those arrested in this "Great Raid" committed suicide. Of the rest, most were shipped off to Drancy or some of the other camps and from there sent to their deaths in Auschwitz. Similar roundups took place in the unoccupied zone. While the anti-Jewish terror provoked some protests, the apparent turn in public opinion proved to be short-lived, and before long, life in France returned to its normal patterns of accommodation.

Why, the question is sometimes asked today, dwell on the Holocaust? Why rehearse the history of Jewish suffering over and over again? What is the point of telling and retelling such a tragic story? Don't people know it by now?

The fact is, most people do not know it, do not want it to be even remotely a part of their own story, and will not believe it. Part of the mood today is revisionist and rejectionist, and among growing numbers, there is little stomach for the Jews and their sorrows. As a kindly, truth-telling pastor recently told me, people in his congregation have had enough of the Holocaust and do not want to hear any more about the Jews. They feel the need, as he put it, to turn the dial to something else.

The need is human enough and not difficult to understand, although hardly possible to honor or respect. After only the most preliminary confrontation with the Holocaust, one wants to look away from the horrors of a Nazi Germany or a Vichy France, to do away with their histories, dissolve their images, obliterate their memories. But just at that point when the would-be amnesiac within each of us thinks he has got away free, history returns to remind us all over again of what it is we would be rid of.

The bombing of the synagogue on the Rue Copernic is a reminder. The return to

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intellectual prominence of the French New Right is a reminder. The scapegoating of the pitiful remnant community of aged Polish Jews by General Jaruzelski's propagandists is a reminder. The assassination of Jewish children in Antwerp and of Jewish worshippers in Vienna is a reminder. AWACS reminds, Iraqi nuclear capability reminds, the threat of Syrian missiles reminds, Arafat reminds. One wants to forget, and yet each day's news returns us to memory.

And so Gulag reminds. The Vietnamese boat people remind. The unwanted Haitians remind. The helpless Falashas remind. The Bahai trapped in Khomeini's Iran remind. No matter which way one turns the dial, the old images present themselves, the unfinished, unmastered histories revive, reappearing at times in the oddest ways and in the unlikeliest places. When Anwar Sadat was murdered, for instance, the government-owned radio in Libya capped off its report of the assassination on a note of jubilant celebration, remarking that the Egyptian president had "lived like a Jew and died like a Jew."

Turn the dial whichever way one likes, everything reminds and will continue to remind. □

John P. Sisk

ALL FOR LOVE: EUROPE IN THE SPRINGTIME

Love dopes the Western world.

If love be not in the house there is nothing.
—Ezra Pound

The great days of the Shakespeare and Company bookstore, when it was located at 12 Rue de l'Odeon on the Paris Left Bank, may be behind it, but in its present location across the Seine from Notre Dame Cathedral it is still a place where one can browse in an atmosphere that connotes a legendary past. Here in early June we could buy the *New York Review of Books* and the *Village Voice*. The latter featured a piece by John Berger on Modigliani, then the subject of the exhibition we had recently seen at the Museum of Modern Art in Paris. "The paintings are so widely acknowledged," Berger wrote, "because they speak of love," and in case we had forgotten, the editors reminded us in a footnote: "Paris in the springtime is for love, as we know." Given the subject of his recent books, we would not have been surprised if Norman Mailer's contribution to the *New York Review,* announced on the cover as "A Vision of Hell," had taken off on the same subject. However, it turned out to be the introduction to *In the Belly of the Beast* by that ill-starred ex-convict, Jack H. Abbott. In it one finds this not very loving statement: "We are all so guilty at the way we have allowed the world around us to become more ugly and tasteless every year that we surrender to terror and steep ourselves in it."

There were moments in Modigliani's last years when he probably would have agreed with Mailer, but it is hard to see the effect of such moments in his paintings, so many of which suggest a man who had not lost faith in an erotic utopia. Thinking of them, not Mailer, my wife and I left that place and walked along the Seine to a point where, on the approach to Pont Neuf and oblivious of the noonday traffic, two clutched-together young lovers had obviously chosen Modigliani over Mailer. But this was not odd for we too had discovered that not only Paris but Europe generally, in the springtime or anytime, was for love of one sort or another, either in present fact or in recollection.

We saw lovers strolling hand-in-hand through the Modigliani exhibit or the Louvre, or ducking under the turnstile in the Rue du Bac metro station and kissing afterward. They kissed between sips of Coca-Cola or Fanta as they sat on the banks of Lac Inferieur in the Bois de Boulogne, or as they stood in line on the Champs-Elysées to see Paul Newman in *Le Policeman*. Young motorbiking lovers startled us with their temerity as they held hands traveling side by side on Rue Bonaparte, and young thespian lovers charmed us with their optimism at a Friday evening in Maggi Nolan's Celebrity Services office, where not too many Friday evenings previously the late William Saroyan had charmed everyone. On the train to Paris we shared a couchette with a young couple so intoxicated with one another that they had no need of the Scotch we offered to share with them and seemed unaware that the car, in the best tradition of Italian railroading, had been dispatched from Rome without water and with unflushable toilets.

Goethe wrote of his first experience of Venice that "nowhere does one feel himself more solitary than in a crowd." This is the way it is with lovers also. We saw them in their amorous isolation in Venice among the pigeons and the tourists of all nations in St. Mark's Square, in Rome at the Trevi Fountain, and in the Colosseum. In Siena we saw young lovers kissing as they came hurrying hand-in-hand down the narrow and treacherously cobbled Via di Citta. In the Roman ruins at Fiesole, one of D.H. Lawrence's Etruscan Places, we and other Sunday visitors stepped respectfully around lovers lying abstracted out of time in the long grass—as were those other lovers who lay in one another's arms in the open middle section of Ponte Vecchio in

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Florence, where the lost children of the world gathered with bedrolls, backpacks, and guitars around the bust of Benvenuto Cellini, himself a proper patron for lovers.

Nobody says that London in the springtime is for love, but even in London there was an ambiance of romance that took the edge off the news of strikes, riots, and IRA starvation in Northern Ireland. It seems to us that when the weather was right, which wasn't too often, lovers lay in the grass in Russell Square in unprecedented numbers. Perhaps the forthcoming royal wedding was a factor. *Paris Match* estimated that 1600 items decorated with pictures of the loving couple were being offered for sale in British stores.

Of course, not all love is happy love, as the poets know. Mendicant troubadours sang of lost love in the square in front of the Georges Pompidou Center in Paris, in the metro tunnels and metro trains, and happy lovers contributed to them generously, perhaps out of a realization that happy love can be a good story only when lost love is a possibility. On the steps of the church of San Gaetano in Florence two young lovers—German, we guessed—held hands and cried together, and on the Ponte Vecchio among the lost children of the world a bedraggled girl cried in the arms of a bedraggled boy. Two handsome young Japanese cried with their arms around each other in the Colosseum. In London, the *Sunday Observer* featured somewhat belatedly the lost love of Jean Harris for Dr. Herman Tarnower. Meanwhile, the American musical *Pal Joey*, enjoying a successful London revival, featured the erotic adventures of the aging socialite, Mrs. Vera Simpson, who is "bewitched, bothered, and bewildered" to find herself in love again and happy only when she is in love no more. No doubt D.H. Lawrence, who has left his mark all over Europe, would say of her, as of Jean Harris, that she suffered from sex in the head and was therefore doomed to bewitchment and botheration.

But love in the springtime takes many forms. In Rome we lived near the Spanish Stairs, beside which Joseph Severn once nursed the dying Keats and at the top of which, in the opening of Tennessee Williams's *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone*, stands that menacing drifter who in due time will possess the aging beauty—who may also suffer from sex in the head. On a newsstand in the Rome railroad station pornography was on display beside *Flash Gordon*, *Walt Disney*, and books by and about the Pope. In the Bargello Museum in Florence Michelangelo's statue of Bacchus has been rendered perhaps permanently obscene for many viewers because some vandal had broken off its penis. It is not easy to find a McDonald's in Paris but sex shops are no problem; some of them, as we first noticed in Rue des Lombards near the Pompidou, even honor Visa cards. In London's Leicester Square, sex shops were as numerous as electronic games arcades, and Basil Seal was complaining in the *Tattler* that "at a recent count, central Soho contained more than 150 establishments offering some sort of filth." Our copy of *Where To Go: The London Guide* included a supplementary "Adult Guide" that indicated where one might engage Antoinette, Samantha, Sandie, Natasha, Candy, or Natalie (professional virgins retired out of Barbara Cartland romances, perhaps) to escort, pamper, anoint, or massage you (TV lounge and free drinks included) or relax you with "enemas Victorian and modern." In bookstores it was not unusual to find *Charles and Diana: A Royal Love Story* competing for attention with Gay Talese's *Thy Neighbour's Wife*, as if the management had decided that even royal romance could benefit from a second perspective.

One can assume that the Pope looks on Talese's kind of loving as something that belongs in the second circle of Dante's Hell. Indeed, not so long ago the Pope startled the world with the announcement that it was wrong to lust after one's own wife, let alone someone else's—intending, perhaps, to clear up some of the confusion about sexual love that had resulted from the earlier papal announcements on the subject by Wilhelm Reich, Norman O. Brown, and Alex Comfort. In any event, we arrived in St. Peter's Square the Sunday after the assassination attempt in time to hear the Pope say in his taped statement: "I pray for the brother who shot me, and I sincerely forgive him." Appropriately enough, inside the Basilica the Mass of the day began with this prayer: "God our Father, look upon us with love. You redeem us and make us your children in Christ."

The Pope was speaking out of charity, in Christian terms the highest form of love. But the would-be assassin, Mehmet Ali Agca, must be given his charitable due. He had acted out of no personal desire, only a burning need to protest the silence of the world about the hundreds of thousands of victims of Soviet and American imperialism. So he too was a kind of lover—no less than was John Hinckley who devoted his attempted assassination of President Reagan to the movie star, Jodie Foster. Agca's shooting of the Pope, like Dante's love of Beatrice, was only a means to higher things. Indeed, he was a version of that most dangerous kind of lover, the armed idealist. One of his kind, Peter Sutcliffe, "The Yorkshire Ripper," would soon be sentenced in England to life imprisonment for the brutal slaying of thirteen women during a five-year reign of terror, the judge not having been persuaded by the Ripper's argument that he had a divine mission to rid the world of prostitutes:

We remembered Agca in Paris as we visited the prison in the Conciergerie where in the Chapel of the Girondins you may see such mementoes of that earlier Terror as Marie Antoinette's crucifix and a guillotine blade. Danton and after him Robespierre are said to have been detained before execution in one of the small cells opening off the chapel. Robespierre the Incorruptible and passionate lover of the Republic of Virtue speaks for Agcas and Pol Pots yet unborn when the playwright Georg Büchner has him say in *Danton's Death:* "Vice must be punished. Virtue must rule through the Terror." His utopian vision having been sharpened by the censorship of fanaticism, he can say quite honestly: "The number of scoundrels is not great; we have only to lop off a few more heads and the country is saved." Who would have understood better the words of that armed Libyan idealist, Mu'ammar al-Qaddafi, which we had read the day before in *Time:* "The duty of the revolutionary committee is to practice revolutionary violence against the enemies of the revolution"?

St. Peter's Square—indeed, all of Vatican City—was an exciting place those days. Something had happened. Terrorists, as Walter Laqueur has said, are the super-entertainers of our time because "they will always have to be innovative." What greater innovation than to shoot the Pope while he was mingling fraternally with people who were in effect his guests? Of course, most people were sorry for the Pope, and many admired his charitable forgiveness of his brother. But surely there were some who understood very well that brother's kind of loving and secretly sympathized with it, having come to believe (usually from a safe distance)

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that there is something vital and honest in it that is directed, however extremely and confusedly, against the ugliness of the world that so discourages Norman Mailer.

Keats dying beside the Spanish Stairs could only dream of Venice, where Wagner, himself a fabulous lover, finished that fabulous love story, *Tristan and Isolde*. There one day we ate lunch at a standup bar close to where Byron once lived above the shop of a draper, with whose young, dark-eyed wife he promptly began an affair. Indeed, now free from his own wife, "that virtuous monster, Miss Milbanke," he enjoyed various Venetian ladies from one of whom he picked up gonorrhea. Here too he met Countess Teresa Guiccioli and became her faithful *cavalier servente*, a role he continued to play later in Ravenna, where he established himself with his famous menagerie. Yet dying in Missolonghi a few years later it was not his fulfilled love for Teresa that he celebrated in what was probably his last poem but his unfulfilled love for the handsome Greek boy, Loukas, who had become his page.

D.H. Lawrence, whose *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was written and first published in Florence, defined love in terms of a romantic obliteration of personality, and one consequence is that not only do the women in Lawrence, Byron, and Shelley have a tendency to sound like clones off the same original, but there is a sameness in the language of passionate abandon that they inspire. In their presence we are too often embarrassingly close to the erotic ecstasies of the tabloids, and old-fashioned movie magazines. The ecstasy is the problem. To be denied ecstasy in this post-Enlightenment world is to be denied that other prelapsarian birthright, Utopia. The Air Afrique ad in the Paris metro stations, featuring Ideal Beauty as a seductive girl in a white bikini, offered both at once to all who would fly away with it and her to La Fête Du Soliel—there to experience the time-stopping transcendence of what Shelley in "Epipsychidion" calls "passion's golden purity."

The Air Afrique lady may be to us a familiar incarnation of a cultural Muse, but she is not the kind of Muse Etienne Gilson writes about in *A Choir of Muses*. His Muses "are primarily divinities invented by the Greeks to account for the ordered design which confers upon certain of the ideas and works of man a superhuman loveliness." They are "the women who have inspired men to write," for they reveal "the living unity between love, art and religion." They elicit the demand that all must be sacrificed to the absolute beauty they reveal so that the poet may sing the better. This is the way it was with Dante and Beatrice, about whom we often thought as we walked along Via del Corso in Florence where they may have met, and this is the way it was with Petrarch and Laura, though Petrarch being more of a modern man had a harder time putting down his carnal impulses.

In the chill, crepuscular catacombs of the French Pantheon where we went one morning there are great writers enough but Muses are in short supply. Voltaire is there, sharing a place of honor across the corridor from Rousseau, from whose tomb a hand holding a torch protrudes as if a man trapped inside a doghouse were trying to burn his way out. In life at least no love was lost between these two. Rousseau disparaged Voltaire as a playwright, and in an anonymous pamphlet Voltaire called Rousseau a heartless father for having abandoned the bastards produced for him by Thérèse le Vasseur. Voltaire also thought the success of *La Nouvelle Heloïse* one of the infamies of the century. If such sentiments do

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not suggest a personality so vitriolic no Muse could tolerate it, then his own successful novel *Candide* does. A Muse would have to tend her own garden, not his, and this is not what Muses are supposed to do.

Hugo is there too, sharing a cell with Zola. He loved many women, but none of them qualifies as a Muse —surely not Juliette Drouet who at age twenty-six began a half century's devotion to him as a mistress. She served him as a nurse, secretary, and confidante, in the process writing him 17,000 letters, and tolerated his many infidelities, one of which almost landed him in jail. At her funeral Auguste Vacquerie referred to her as a heroine with "a right to her part in the poet's glory, having shown her loyalty in the time of testing." Hugo's own funeral procession was witnessed by more than a million people, was attended by rolling drums, booming cannons, and twelve wagonloads of flowers. Edmond Goncourt reports in his *Journal* that the women from the brothels had celebrated the occasion the night before with "a tremendous copulation," offering themselves "to all comers on the grass along the Champs Elysées."

Muses tended to disappear in Hugo's century in proportion as the secular spirit made it hard to believe in a love that moves the heavens and all the stars. After Darwin, Marx, Nietzsche, and Freud, potential Muses had to settle for domestic bliss, become call girls, or learn to administer enemas Victorian and modern to narcissistic males who idolized their own passions. Flaubert, for whom the world was as ugly as it is for Mailer, had literature as his idol and thus no more needed a Muse than Joyce did. And it would be a brave Muse indeed who would venture with Lawrence into the dark forest of his soul, which in *Studies in Classic American Literature* he opposes to the lighted clearing in which Benjamin Franklin's "venery" takes place. Certainly Frieda was not his Muse any more than she was John Middleton Murry's, and when the latter two became lovers after visiting Lawrence's grave at Vence one could only hope that the dead man still exercised enough spiritualizing power over both of them to keep their love from being mere venery.

Only the Pope has a Muse that Dante and Petrarch would understand. According to a *Newsweek* we read in Florence, the hospital room in which he lay recovering from his wounds was decorated with a picture of his beloved Black Madonna of Częstochowa. As he lay there, certain personal effects of Marilyn Monroe, including a 36D pink mesh bra, were auctioned off at Sotheby's in London. The purchaser of a strapless evening gown promised to resell it later for children's charity—and charity, as the Pope should know, is love.

For Byron as for so many romantics the ideal lovers' enclave is an island, where the syphilis that plagued nineteenth-century writers is as unlikely as *Dr. Spock's Baby and Child Care* is unnecessary. This compelling island idea, so closely linked to the idolization of art and sexual love, has its political analogue, as the *International Herald-Tribune* kept reminding us while we roamed about Europe. The armed idealists with their fierce and uncompromising charity, and fired with their own kind of passion's golden purity, were just as busy obliterating personality in the interest of their grand themes as their predecessors were two centuries ago when Western Civilization first became intoxicated with the idea of Utopia and began to experience its tradeoff in disgust with the ugliness of the given world. Now we no more expect negotiable demands from terrorists than we expect true love to

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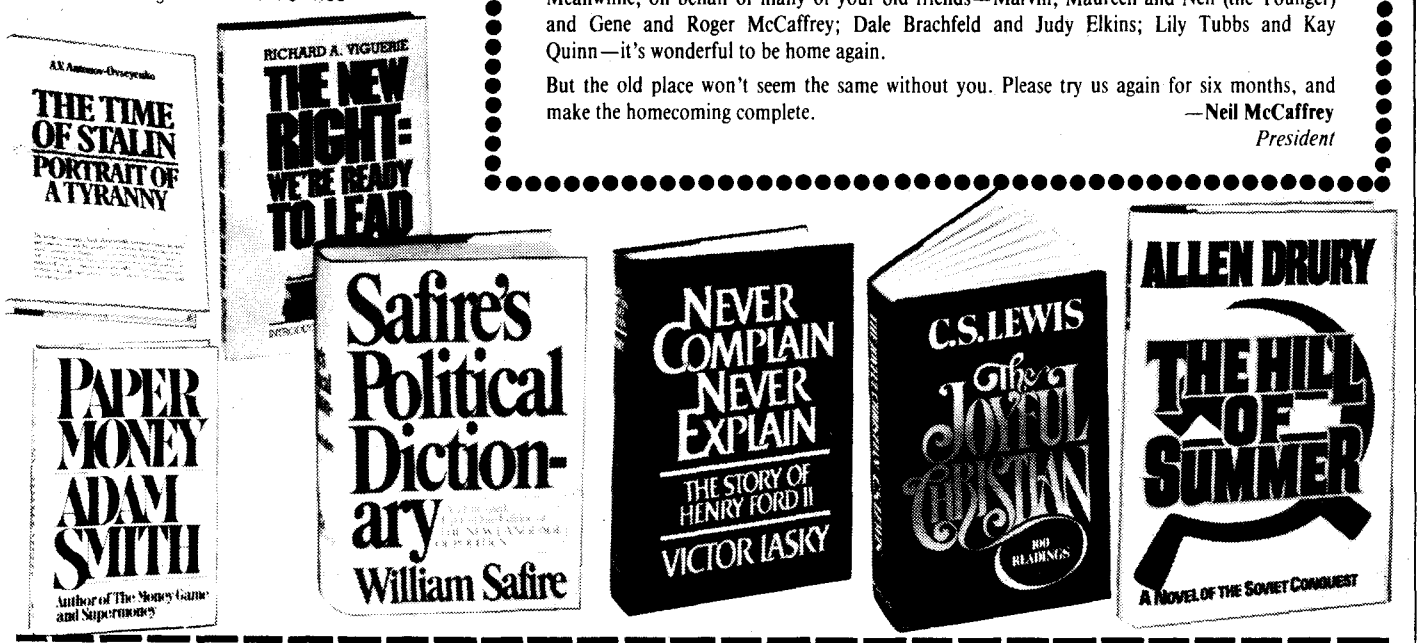
—**Neil McCaffrey**
President



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be put off by fear of adultery or true art to result if the artist is afraid to sacrifice wife and children to it. Lawrence thought *Ulysses* was a dirty book, but it was the product of the same non-negotiable heroics as his own *Chatterley*. And when was Robespierre, the fanatic idolator of the Republic of Virtue, more their heroic fellow artist than when he refused to be distracted from his grand objective by a squeamish reluctance to chop off a few more heads?

Modigliani whose paintings speak of love was of this company. He died of tuberculosis in the nuns' charity hospital on Rue Jacob, home street for us in Paris as it had been earlier for Wagner, Sherwood Anderson, and Hemingway. One beautiful Sunday early in June, such a day as makes old lovers young again, we went looking for him in Père-Lachaise cemetery. We found him in the Jewish section in the corner of which is the heartbreaking memorial to those six hundred thousand French who in World War II died for France as deportees in the German work force or as fuel for the ovens of Auschwitz. Modigliani shares the grave with his mistress, Jeanne Hébuterne, she having earned her place, the headstone told us, because in her devotion to him she had made the extreme sacrifice. While a Goodyear blimp, sounding like a distant motorboat on a mountain lake, drifted below cotton puff clouds, we thought of the final act in that sacrifice: her suicidal leap from a fifth-story window in her parents' apartment the morning after Modigliani's death.

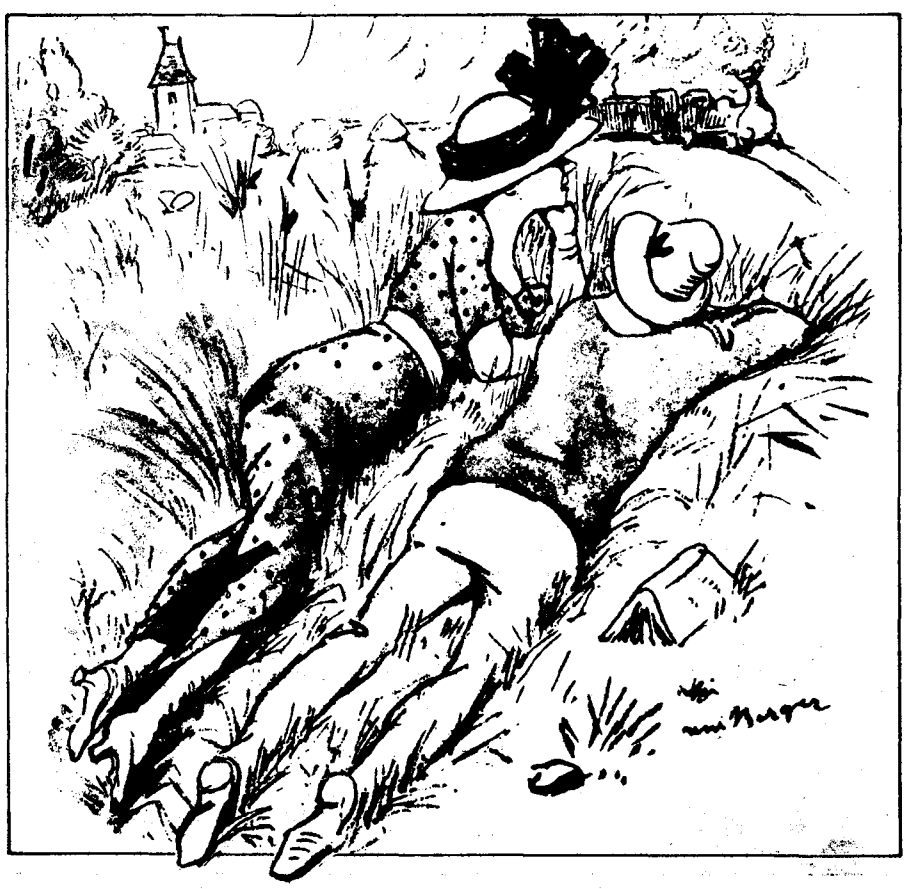
Jeanne Hébuterne, says the biographer Pierre Sichel, was Modigliani's only great love. No other woman "would have subjected herself to Modi's whims." She "had the capacity to give herself totally to him," and she "gave gladly, without thinking" for they were "well matched, a perfect couple," all of which makes her sound like a woman Lawrence would have approved of. She gave him one child and was nine months pregnant with another when she died, so her extreme sacrifice may have had some desperation in it. The whims she had subjected herself to had been aggravated by drugs, alcohol, poverty, lack of recognition, and deteriorating health; often he treated her in the best tradition of the totally committed and half-maddened artist, which is to say that he often treated her abominably. "He believed in himself and his art," says Sichel, "and, truly, nothing else ever mattered." What Sichel does not say is that Modi had been anticipated by that political artist, Robespierre the Incorruptible, who never hesitated to offer a few more heads on the altar of the Republic of Virtue.

This willingness of the artist to sacrifice all, including his own mental and physical well-being, on the altar of art guarantees him an authentically eventful biography. This is why we sometimes felt sorry for such part-time Florentines as Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Browning, whose biographies, especially in their love relationships, are so old fashioned—one might even say inartistic. As young men they were not rebellious hell-raisers, they married the women they loved having courted them properly first, and as husbands they were faithful and loving. They were law-abiding citizens, paid their debts, honored their contracts. They were relatively free from that obsession with the ugliness of the bourgeois that was beginning to validate the lives of literary intellectuals.

Hawthorne, who fought the Florentine mosquitoes with as little success as we did and who once visited the Brownings at Casa Guidi for tea and strawberries, certainly had the wrong biography for Lawrence, just as America had the wrong history. In his cranky if sometimes shrewd study of *The Scarlet Letter* he admires the "blue-eyed darling of a Nathaniel" for having in "perfect duplicity" written the "most colossal satire ever penned" about an American that, being a phallic disaster, cannot know its women darkly in the blood. Lawrence seems to be implying that Hawthorne was so crippled by his culture that he was unable to write an American *Lady Chatterley's Lover*—an implication agreeable to many American readers.

Longfellow was a fine teacher and an important transmitter of European literature to America, as well as a poet whose marvelous ear and instinct for technical experimentation should have impressed Ezra Pound, who was said to be his grandnephew. But who reads him now? Whenever in Florence we walked by the building in which he had lived on the Piazza di Santa Maria Novella, I thought how unwisely he had ordered his life. If like Lawrence he had run off with someone else's wife, if like Stendhal he had come away from his first sexual encounter with a venereal disease that plagued him the rest of his life, if like Hugo he had remained avid of nymphs into old age, if after the trauma of his beloved wife's accidental death by fire he had become an alcoholic instead of picking up his life like the man of character he was—if he had done at least one of these things we might take him more seriously as a poet today. We might even be tempted to read "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline" as duplicitous surfaces beneath which frustrated dark phallic forces surge.

Sometimes we strolled into Browning's neighborhood near the Pitti Palace, always crossing on the Ponte Vecchio where, it was easy to believe, the lost children of the world were preparing their own brief and sad biographies. Browning was and is a great poet; even Ezra Pound had to live with that fact. He was great without the biographical advantages that have almost become the certain signs of the authentic artist. He loved a splendid woman all the days of their life together and was loved by her in turn, and when she died he was devastated, but being like Longfellow a man of character he picked himself up and went back to being a great poet, which itself suggests a quality of loving about which Byron and Shelley had only heard rumors.



Browning, in any event, made the better approach to the brilliant London revival of *Oklahoma!* which we saw one afternoon as our wanderings came to an end. No doubt, there were far more patrons in the sex shops of Leicester Square that afternoon, submitting themselves to the darkness in their blood, than there were in the Palace Theater. There are those who describe *Oklahoma!* as a sentimental love affair with a lost America, if not an America that never existed at all. But it is *Pal Joey*, which we had seen a few nights before, that is both sentimental and cynical—even Byronic in its denial of the world of true romance in which musical comedy belongs. Romance in *Oklahoma!*, thanks to the inspired collaboration of composer, lyricist, and choreographer, has a psychological and moral complexity without ever losing sight of the life-supporting distinction among kinds of loving that characterizes Dante's *Commedia* and Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. Once the pornographic imagination of Jud has been vanquished we expect the lovers Laurey and Curly to enjoy their honeymoon, their island out of time, but we know that their wished-for destiny is not the utopia of passion's golden purity but life as husband and wife in the human, time-bound community. Basically, one might say, it is a very Victorian story. Byron would have had as much fun with it as with the royal wedding had it been available as grist to feed into the mill of his *Don Juan*.

And so then, with Browning and *Oklahoma!* still in mind, to Westminster Cathedral on Trinity Sunday, the day on which is celebrated, as Dante celebrates it in the last canto of the *Commedia*, the divine collaboration of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—the Holy Ghost whom Lawrence always celebrated, if in terms that would have given little comfort to the now convalescing Pope. Here, depicting their own pageant of love, are Eric Gill's great Stations of the Cross. And here on this day we heard these words from St. Paul's Second Letter to the Corinthians: "Live in peace, and the God of love and peace will be with you. Greet one another with the holy kiss."

What was this if not a charitable injunction to a world confused perhaps no less than ours by the conflicting imperatives of love? □

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PRESSWATCH

ZONE DEFENSE

by Fred Barnes

Rarely, very rarely, the whole thrust of the coverage of a news story changes in midcourse. You can count the times on one hand. In 1980, it happened in the coverage of the presidential campaign when Jimmy Carter began suggesting that Ronald Reagan was a racist and warmonger. The "meanness" issue set in, and the press obsession with Reagan's "gaffes" was forgotten. This was no small shift; if it hadn't occurred, Reagan might not have won the election.

Another dramatic shift has emerged this year. The American coverage of the war in El Salvador, once largely favorable to the guerrillas, has become far more balanced and evenhandedly skeptical. In a word, better. The Duarte government, while hardly receiving accolades, is no longer subjected to the same disdainful treatment accorded the late Somoza government of Nicaragua. More significantly, the Robin Hood gloss has been stripped off the guerrillas in a way unthinkable in the case of the sainted Sandinistas. And perhaps most importantly of all, the Vietnam Analogy has come under attack, the mindless assumption that El Salvador represents another quagmire in which the United States is certain to become embedded if it backs the ruling government too ardently.

Examples of the new attitude abound in both the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post,* the two organs most likely to affect national policy and public opinion on El Salvador. Raymond Bonner, pilloried in January for appearing to accept a questionable guerrilla account of a massacre of villagers by government forces, wrote in March that the Salvadoran election showed "the leftist opposition" had "probably less political support in the population than many thought they had."

But the most impressive pieces were by Joanne Omang and Stephen S. Rosenfeld of the *Post.* Omang told of peasants terrorized by the guerrillas. "In three church-run centers near the provincial capital of San Vicente, there are about 1,500 refugees who say that left-wing guerrilla terrorism has ruined their lives," she wrote in February. "With earnest, weathered faces of the rural poor, they are just as believable as the thousands of refugees in other camps who say they fled the advancing Salvadoran armed forces or right-wing terrorists." Omang also characterized, in other reports, the coverage of the war as "group grope," with correspondents thirsting always for "bang-bang." Rosenfeld described an El Salvador struggling not against "a ruling elite," but to overcome the vicissitudes of war. And he skewered visiting Congressman Tom Harkin of Iowa, a member of the "No More Vietnams" brigade. "In his recent visit, Salvadorans report, he [Harkin] dared President Duarte to drop in unannounced on a military headquarters and a public place, which Duarte did, demanded to see a pre-mapped 'torture' chamber, which turned out to be innocent, and then called for the end of American military aid," Rosenfeld wrote.

What caused the change in coverage? That, it is hard to say. The facts themselves played a role, though the facts weren't so different in Nicaragua and nothing like this happened. Four articles in four separate publications in February also generated considerable impact, both as catalysts in shaping a new outlook toward El Salvador and in reflecting the changed view.

The most impressive was on "Covering the Sandinistas" in the *Washington Journalism Review.* Written by Shirley Christian, the Latin-America correspondent for the *Miami Herald,* it brilliantly demonstrated "the romantic haze" through which the press saw the Sandinistas. "Probably not since Spain has there been a more open love affair between the foreign press and one of the belligerents in a civil war," she wrote.

More stridently, the *Wall Street Journal* in an editorial entitled "The Media's War" attacked Bonner of the *Times* and other reporters for "journalistic romanticizing of revolutionaries. . . . Much of the American media, it would seem, was dominated by a style of reporting that grew out of Vietnam—in which Communist sources were given greater credence than either the U.S. government or the government it was supporting." The press learned only too late that the Bolsheviks, the Chinese Communists, the Vietcong, and the Shah's enemies were something more sinister than political reformers. "Are we going to have to watch this script replayed again in El Salvador, or can we in the press succeed in bringing some perspective to the story?" the *Journal* asked.

Meanwhile, the Vietnam Analogy was taken apart in a *Post* editorial and a *Time* essay. "By 'Vietnam,' many of those who keep invoking the analogy seem to mean only their own argument against the American involvement there, and they seem very definitely to imply a cutoff date for the analogy," the editorial said.

> "Vietnam," in this sense, simply ceases to exist after the spring of 1975. The horror of the Indochinese political fate—the repression and the misery, the tragic and eloquent statement of all those "boat people"—none of this evidently is meant to be included in the meaning of the term "Vietnam." It would no doubt be considered provocative and boorish to ask those who are working the analogy so hard whether they mean to suggest that the romantic, Robin Hood-model, popular left forces in El Salvador would be likely, in triumph, to turn out to be as oppressive as those who ultimately prevailed in Indochina, but who had once also been considered natural agents of the people's will . . . Somehow, some time the people who fought and argued so passionately against the American effort and who so confidently misread the nature of the other side really need to accommodate the fact of the misjudgment into their thinking.

In *Time,* Strobe Talbott wrote that "the Viet Nam analogy is really the Viet Nam fallacy. It is fallacious not just in the objective difference between the two situations, but in the way that indulgence of a false analogy can skew judgment." The *Time* essay was the least critical of

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the four articles, but together the four had enormous impact, more so than any press criticism in recent memory.

Certainly Reagan's own criticism last March of television journalism had little positive effect, probably less than Spiro Agnew's did back in 1969. "With regard to the network news," Reagan said, "I wonder sometimes if it isn't the battle of the ratings, the Neilsen ratings, and if they aren't more concerned with entertainment than they are with delivering news. It's an entertainment medium and they're looking for what's eye-catching and spectacular. . . . Is it news that some fellow in South Succotash someplace has just been laid off that he should be interviewed nationwide or someone's complaint that the budget cuts are going to hurt their present program?"

The White House was so taken aback by the hostile press reaction to this mild sally that it barely voiced a peep of criticism when a certifiable eye-gouge appeared two weeks later —the *Newsweek* cover story on "Reagan's America: And The Poor Get Poorer." No White House complaint was lodged; Congressman Richard Cheney of Wyoming called *Newsweek* editor Lester Bernstein on his own to complain. David R. Gergen, the White House communications director, didn't even mention the piece when he met with *Newsweek* reporters that week, though he waved the magazine around on ABC-TV's "Good Morning, America" the next day and said the cover picture of a sad, unkempt child "presents a very misleading image."

The story did much more than that. It maligned the entire Reagan economic program—a program not without flaws—in the most simplistic and knee-jerk fashion. A pictograph was entitled: "Rich Man, Poor Man: Reaganomics at Work. When all the pluses and minuses are totaled, the Reagan budget's proposed tax cuts and spending reductions leave the poor with less—and the wealthy with more." The article quoted from a variety of Reagan critics, providing some superficial balance with quotations from Budget Director David A. Stockman and aide Donald Moran, and went on to intimate immorality on the part of Reagan and his economic strategists. "Ultimately, the issue is political morality—whether it is right, in the end, to increase the burden on the poor and near poor even temporarily so that the nation can regain its economic momentum," it said. "And there is no doubt that Reaganomics increases that burden."

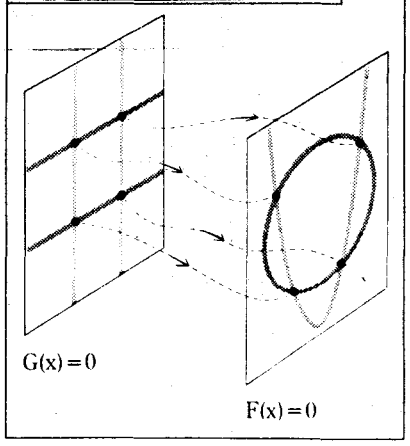
Perhaps the most amazing thing about the story was its assumption that any loss of federal money to anyone below the middle class creates an irremediable burden on that person. It cited the trimming of $1.9 billion from "the much-maligned CETA program." Does anyone still think a program as rippling with corruption as CETA should be fully restored and that the demise of so-called public service jobs (but not job training) creates a legitimate burden? It also cited the cut in food stamps of $2 billion in 1982 and the Administration's hope to cut $2.3 billion more in 1983. Not mentioned, of course, was that the 1982 cut affected mostly those making over $11,000 (family of four), not including their rent subsidy, Medicaid, free legal aid, Supplemental Social Security, and school lunch benefits.

The big question, though, is about welfare dependency, the forgotten concept in all the talk about the unfairness of the budget cuts. You don't have to be willing to proclaim the value of "the spur of poverty," as George Gilder did in *Wealth and Poverty,* to believe that government

The Continuation Method

The need to solve systems of polynomial equations arises in pursuits ranging from geometric optics to chemical kinetics. A practical method of solution, developed at the General Motors Research Laboratories, provides designers of mechanical parts with a new capability.

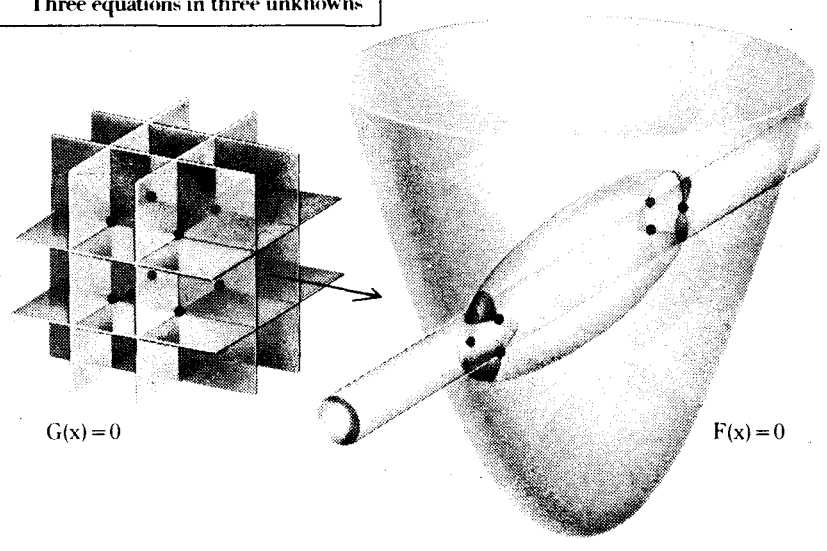
Two equations in two unknowns



The two pairs of parallel lines of G(x) = 0 evolve into the parabola and ellipse of F(x) = 0.

The three pairs of parallel planes of G(x) = 0 evolve into the paraboloid, ellipsoid and cylinder of F(x) = 0.

Three equations in three unknowns



CLASSICALLY difficult non-linear equations—those made up of polynomial expressions—can now be solved with reliability and speed. Recent advances in the mathematics of continuation methods at the General Motors Research Laboratories have practical implications for a wide range of scientific and engineering problems. The immediate application at General Motors is in mechanical design. The new method finds all eight solutions to three quadric equations in a few tenths of a second—fast enough for computer-aided design on a moment-to-moment basis. Algorithms based on this method are critical to the functioning of GMSOLID, an interactive design system which models the geometric characteristics of automotive parts.

Systems of non-linear equations have been solved for many years by "hit or miss" *local* methods. The method developed at General Motors by Dr. Alexander Morgan is distinguished by being *global* and *exhaustive*. Local methods depend on an initial estimate of the solution. They proceed by iterative modifications of this estimate to converge to a solution. However, success is not guaranteed, because there are generally no practical guidelines for making an initial choice that will ensure convergence. Reliability is further compromised when multiple solutions are sought.

Global methods, by contrast, do not require an initial estimate of the solution. The continuation method, as developed by Dr. Morgan, is not only global, but also exhaustive in that, assuming exact arithmetic, it guarantees convergence to all solutions. The convergence proof rests on principles from the area of mathematics called differential topology.

Here is the way continuation works. Suppose we want to solve a system $F(x) = 0$. We begin by generating a simpler system $G(x) = 0$ which we can both solve and continuously evolve into $F(x) = 0$. It is important that we select a G properly, so the process will converge. Dr. Morgan has devised a method for selecting G which gives rapid convergence and reliable computational behavior. He first applied a theorem established by Garcia and

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assistance can serve as a disincentive to productive employment and true economic progress. The idea that money for the poor might have anything but a totally beneficial effect is foreign to the *Newsweek* analysis, however, so foreign that it didn't get mentioned.

The notion that the welfare state may have created and perpetuated a permanent underclass, a class discouraged from entering the free market, is really not such an arcane one. Reagan has cited it himself, notably in his speech to the NAACP in 1981. But to his detriment, he has veered from the welfare dependency argument and is now given to bragging that his cuts in social spending weren't really cuts at all. He's spending even more on some programs, the President has boasted, not always accurately. Perhaps it is too much to expect for *Newsweek* to grasp the idea of welfare dependency if the President is reluctant to talk about it in the first place.

To its credit, *Newsweek* provided two weeks later a rebuttal of the poor-get-poorer piece. This came in the bi-weekly column of Milton Friedman, a column that drew a mention in the competition, *Time*. Friedman destroyed *Newsweek*'s use of numbers, both in gauging the number of poor and in estimating how much federal money actually reaches them. The "poverty industry" of bureaucrats, consultants, and private contractors rakes off much of the money, he said. Housing subsidies, which were cited as an instance of egregious budget cutting, "have conferred large benefits on owners of property purchased for federal housing projects and on the contractors who have built the projects, in the process destroying as many or more dwelling units than they have built."

Friedman also excoriated *Newsweek* for saying the poor were being hurt as "the U.S. economy hits a historic low" and for contending the tax cuts benefit the rich. "A historic low?" he wrote. "With disposable personal income per capita in the fourth quarter of 1981, adjusted for inflation, more than triple its level in the Depression year of 1933, nearly 25 percent higher than in the recession year of 1970, and more than 10 percent higher than in the recession year of 1975? . . . What tax cuts? The so-called tax cuts simply prevent an unlegislated tax increase as a result of inflation, or offset the legislated increase in Social Security taxes."

Just as the Administration has gone lame in defending its spending cuts, it has failed to argue compellingly in behalf of its chief urban initiative, enterprise zones. To talk to an Administration official involved in devising the legislation for the zones is to talk to a man who feels stuck with redeeming a rash campaign promise that took none of the complexities of policymaking into account. In short, nearly everyone in the Administration but the President himself seems lukewarm at best about enterprise zones.

One result is that press coverage of the issue has been scarce, even in cities likely to get enterprise zones. There may have been more written about the issue on op-ed pages than in the news columns. Two op-ed pieces stand out. One, in the *New York Times*, was by Peter Watson, a correspondent for the *Times* of London. He warned that people should have "realistic expectations" about their fruits. But he noted, quoting Samuel Johnson, "Nothing will ever be attempted, if all possible objections must first be overcome."

More riveting was a column by my colleague Peter Jay of the *Baltimore Sun*, who discovered the real source of opposition to enterprise zones. Jay cited complaints that the zones would

Zangwill to select G. However, the resulting algorithm could not achieve the speed and computational reliability necessary for several applications. Next, he utilized some ideas from algebraic geometry—"homogenous coordinates" and "complex projective space"—to prove a new theorem for selecting G. The result of Dr. Morgan's efforts is a practical numerical method based on solid mathematical principles with innate reliability.

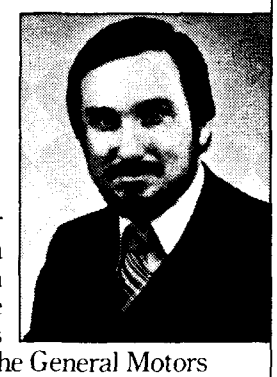
Reliability is the critical element for mathematical methods embedded in large computer programs, because errors may not become evident until after they have ruined a large data structure compiled at great expense and effort. Speed is also important to economical real-time implementation. This method has proved to be reliable and fast in solving problems involving equations up to the sixth degree in three or four variables. However, there are obvious practical limitations on the number of equations and their degree, due to the limited precision of computer arithmetic and computer resource availability.

THE FIGURES illustrate the transition from simple $G(x)=0$ to final $F(x)=0$. In both figures, the "simplicity" of $G(x)=0$ is reflected graphically in its linear structure—seen as lines and planes. The non-linearity of $F(x)=0$ is seen in the curvature of the final shapes in each figure.

In figure 1, the four dots on the left plane represent the set of simultaneous solutions to the system of equations $G(x)=0$. The four dots on the right plane represent the set of simultaneous solutions to the system of equations $F(x)=0$. The dashed lines represent simultaneous solutions to intermediate systems whose graphs would show the evolution from one configuration to the other. With the addition of a third dimension in figure 2, the number of dots representing simultaneous solutions doubles. Representation of the transitional points, as in figure 1, would require a fourth dimension.

"Continuation methods, although well known to mathematicians," says Dr. Morgan, "are not widely used in science and engineering. Acoustics, kinematics and non-linear circuit design are just a few fields that could benefit immediately. I expect to see much greater use of this mathematical tool in the future."

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK



Dr. Alexander Morgan is a Senior Research Scientist in the Mathematics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Morgan received his graduate degrees from Yale University in the field of differential topology. His Ph.D. thesis concerned the geometry of differential manifolds. Prior to joining General Motors in 1978, he taught mathematics at the University of Miami in Florida and worked as an analyst at the Department of Energy's Savannah River Plant in South Carolina.

While serving in the U.S. Army, Dr. Morgan participated in the development and analysis of simulation models at the Strategy and Tactics Analysis Group in Bethesda, Maryland.

Dr. Morgan's current research interests include the qualitative theory of ordinary differential equations and the numerical solution of non-linear equations.

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boom, reducing the obligations of the welfare state and shaving the "political power" of privileged workers by increasing competition. "The worry about enterprise zones is not that they will fail, but that they won't," he concluded.

Fresh evidence has come my way of a narrow category of news that is almost always destined to be downplayed. In terms of making a beeline to journalistic oblivion, this genre of news ranks just below evidence that paring welfare actually spurs the poor toward economic advancement and confirmation that the Soviets are violating some limitation imposed by an arms control treaty.

The category: good news about the environment. What? A report that prime farmlands aren't disappearing? Forget that Pollyannish tripe. Population growth doesn't threaten mass starvation across most of the globe next year? News like that can't be taken seriously. Automobile fumes aren't the cause of yaws, psoriasis, and unsightly warts? Bury it or spike it.

Well, bury it is what the *New York Times* did in April with a report that the ballyhooed deterioration of the ozone layer in the earth's atmosphere is falling behind schedule. The National Research Council found that its previous estimates of ozone deterioration had been exaggerated.

The council, the *Times* reported, "cut by more than half its previous estimate of how much the earth's protective layer of ozone was being depleted by manmade chlorofluorocarbons released into the atmosphere, although it indicated it still saw reasons for concern. The council, an arm of the National Academy of Sciences, also moderated its assertion that ozone depletion is linked to increases in melanoma, an often-fatal skin cancer, and to damaged food crops."

You have to give the *Times* credit for passing on this good news at all. That is more than the *Washington Post* and a lot of other papers did. This, despite the fact that a lessening of an environmental danger is truly man bites dog, which is the stuff of news itself.

Now, I wonder what would have happened if the National Research Council had found that the ozone layer was eroding even faster than previously thought, perhaps twice as fast, and that the link to increases in melanoma was strengthened. The same sort of highly publicized environmental scare stories about the ozone layer that we saw several years ago, maybe? For sure.

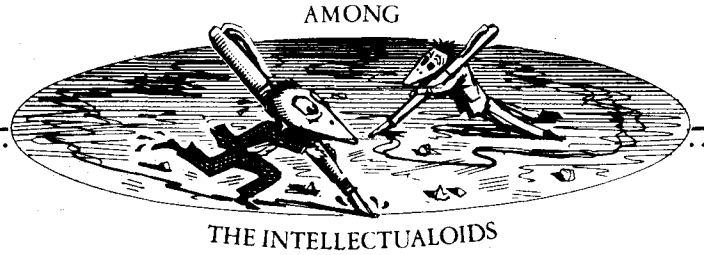
There is a phenomenon in Washington reporting which my friend Thomas DeFrank of *Newsweek* refers to as "getting in the backfield." It occurs when you report a story too soon, thus causing it not to happen in quite the manner that you had reported or, worse, not happen at all. The analogy is to a defensive lineman bursting into the backfield and upsetting a running play before it gets started.

Newsweek got into the backfield last year with a "Periscope" item to the effect that President Reagan would deliver a State of the World speech at Notre Dame University, the same forum from which Jimmy Carter had announced in 1977 that he was inoculating American foreign policy against an "inordinate fear of Communism." Reagan saw the item, then quashed a scheme to have him give such a speech at Notre Dame.

More recently, George Skelton of the *Los Angeles Times,* an unsung but quite capable and eminently fair-minded White House correspondent, slipped into the backfield. He reported, exclusively, that Reagan was ready to sign an extension of the Voting Rights Act in any form in which it might reach him, even with several toughened provisions that he opposed.

The trouble was that Attorney General William French Smith learned of the Skelton report the day it appeared from a Justice Department official in Los Angeles, and he was furious. So furious, in fact, that he stormed over to the White House and talked the President into changing his mind. And Reagan doesn't change his mind very often.

Consequently, the White House announced a policy on the Voting Rights Act quite different from the one that Skelton had, quite accurately at the time, reported. Reagan had objections, it turned out. One was to a "bailout" provision he found too stringent, the other to an easier "results" test in proving that an election procedure discriminates against blacks or Hispanics. Without the Skelton story serving as a catalyst, Reagan might have stuck with a complaisant policy on voting rights. Makes you wonder, though, who's running the show. □



THE THUGS AND SUSAN SONTAG

by Seymour Martin Lipset

At a rally of left-wing intellectuals in support of Solidarity, held in New York on February 13th, Susan Sontag created a stir by emphasizing the similarities between Fascism and Communism. She concluded with the statement: "Communism is in itself a variant, the most successful variant of fascism, fascism with a human face." And she asked why "many of us—. . . I include myself—did not understand the nature of Communist tyranny," when émigrés from Communist countries had been telling them the truth for many decades. "Why didn't we informed and intelligent people hear them before, when they were telling us exactly what they tell us now?"

Sontag's talk was booed by the audience. Two New York journals, the *Soho News* and the *Nation,* published symposia by prominent intellectual figures evaluating her analysis. Most of the participants were sharply critical, attacking her for giving aid and comfort to reaction.

It is hard to understand how there still can be informed and intelligent people who refuse to recognize that Communism in every form is oppressive, characterized by a greater concentration of elite power than exists in any Western social system. Sontag wonders why she and her left-wing friends "were not responding to the truth." The answer is simple: Many have been so opposed to conditions in their own society that they must project their image of an ideal social system onto foreign soil, onto the closed world of Communism. The Soviet system with its vision of an egalitarian social system has been the obvious choice for those looking for an ideal against which they can invidiously compare their own nation.

Visits to the Soviet Union, to China, to Cuba, to Vietnam by successive generations did not dispel the belief. Those who hated America or Britain or France were really not interested in how ordinary people were treated under Communism. In spite of the absolute power held by Stalin, Mao, Tito, and other leaders, and the considerable discrepancies between the ways of life of the party elite and the masses, they still insisted they had seen a society dedicated to equality and freedom.

Many joined "Marxist" movements. Yet they, and the parties in which they enlisted, ignored a basic dictum laid down by Karl Marx, that economic abundance, a state which could only be reached in a highly advanced industrial society, is an essential prerequisite for socialism. Marx polemicized bitterly against utopian socialists, people who sought to institute socialism under conditions of scarcity. In *The German Ideology*, he wrote that the high "development of productive forces is absolutely necessary as a practical premise [for socialism]: for the reason that without it only *want* is made general, and with *want* the struggle for necessities and all the old filthy business [the German word was *Scheisse*] would necessarily be

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reproduced." Marx emphasized that an effort to create socialism in a poor or less-developed society would inevitably result in the re-creation of an oppressive class-ridden social system. The martyred leader of the German Revolution of 1919, Rosa Luxemburg, also noted that "under such fatal conditions even the most gigantic idealism and the most storm-tested revolutionary energy are incapable of realizing democracy and socialism but only distorted attempts at either." Unfortunately, they were right, as the history of the Soviet Union, China, Vietnam, and other Communist nations demonstrates.

Many on the Left are now outraged by the suppression of Solidarity and the effort to create a more democratic Poland. But Jaruzelski and his minions are only retracing the footsteps of those who crushed the movement of the Kronstadt sailors for more freedom in 1921, who killed millions in the Soviet Union in the 1930s on a scale not seen before in the modern world, who murdered Trotskyists and other leftists in Vietnam in the 1940s and 1950s, who suppressed the workers' rebellion in East Germany in 1953, and who destroyed democratic movements in Hungary and Czechoslovakia in 1956 and 1968.

Supporters of the faith have been unmoved, or unaware of Communist reliance on racism and religious bigotry. Stalin used anti-Semitism in his fight against Trotsky as early as the 1920s; Jews and other minority nationalities were openly persecuted in the Soviet Union after World War II; Polish Communists repeatedly have appealed to deep-rooted anti-Semitic prejudices on many occasions from the fifties through the eighties; the Czech regime staged a public trial of Jews in the 1950s and continues to give voice to anti-Jewish sentiments. Currently, the Soviet Union not only restricts the access of Jews to high-level education and professions, but it also publishes vitriolic anti-Semitic books for mass distribution. Yet many, including some Jews, have continued to support the extension of Communism to other countries, particularly to those in the Third World.

The linkage between Communism and Fascism, emphasized by Susan Sontag, was made by Communists during the period of the Hitler-Stalin pact (1939-1941). Stalin actually delivered a toast to Hitler, saying: "I know how much the German people loves its Führer. I should, therefore, like to drink to his health." Walter Ulbricht, who was to become president of the postwar East German Communist state, wrote in the Communist publication, *Die Welt*, in February 1940, that those "who intrigue against the friendship of the German and Soviet people are enemies of the German people," and warned the German workers that if England won the war they would face "the muzzling of the workers' press, the establishment of concentration camps, and special laws against the workers." The French Communist Party applied to the Nazi occupiers of their country for permission to publish a party newspaper in Paris, justifying the request on the grounds that they were also opposed to the Allied imperialists. And even earlier, in 1932, the German Communists supported a Nazi-initiated referendum to vote the Social Democratic government of Prussia out of office. The Communists assumed that a Nazi regime was preferable to a Social Democratic one, since it would eliminate their socialist competitors and open the door for a subsequent Communist takeover. In 1945, the Italian Communist Party instructed its members to "seek out every former Fascist and offer him membership in our party with a guarantee of amnesty if he joins us." In 1981, the French Communist Party allied itself with right-wing demands that foreign immigrants be deported. Jean-François Revel notes that the party "justifies [racism] with the same arguments as the British National Front."

Writing in February 1982, Arnold Beichman has called attention to "the revisionist thesis of fascism current among Soviet and Soviet-bloc social scientists. . . . According to Boris R. Lopukhov the contemporary communist view regards fascism as progressive. . . . Another Soviet theoretician, Alexander Galkin, says that fascism arose 'spontaneously' during the crisis conditions that followed the First World War. Mihaly Vadja, a member of the Hungarian Academy of Science, goes further in attributing to Mussolini's fascism a 'progressive solution' to Italy's backward industrial structure. He even recommends Franz Borkenau's unorthodox Marxist interpretation of fascism as a 'transitional form of modernizing dictatorship.'"

A. James Gregor, a noted student of Fascism, emphasizes that the "structural similarities shared by the Fascist and Stalinist states did not escape the attention of Marxists and non-Marxists alike."

Those similarities include a commitment to national development and/or reconstruction under a highly centralized and authoritarian party elite, a restoration of the authority of the state, an effective program of class and category collaboration within the confines of a national economic plan, exclusive and systematic training of the youth of the nation in conformity with a secular ideology characterized by a relatively specific constellation of exclusive social and political beliefs, a unitary party monopoly of the means of coercion and communication, and leadership by charismatic or pseudo-charismatic leaders charged with enormous responsibilities and endowed with prestigious powers.

In short, as analytic concepts, "both fascism and the variants of Marxism that today receive so much attention constitute species of a single genus: totalitarianism."

The evidence of the similarities between Fascism and Communism has always been there. What is missing is the willingness to recognize that Western society, including the United States, is more humane, more democratic, more open to progressive social change than any and all of the regimes that call themselves Communist. Those who have searched for an ideological justification for opposing capitalism, in terms of a struggle between absolute good and absolute evil, have great difficulty in admitting that Western society is better than its major "leftist" political opponent.

Western society is obviously far from ideal, it is severely inegalitarian, it discriminates against various minorities, its political democracy is flawed. But the politics of moderation, of the possible, of the attainable, continues to strike some as too insignificant, as unworthy. Those who have lost or never had a religious faith, a belief in a Kingdom of Heaven, must project an earthly paradise. They must then blind themselves to the reality of that paradise.

Will the Polish events end the

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appeal of Communism? I doubt it. The same motives that led certain people to look to Communism to improve the situation of the masses in the Soviet Union and China still generate support for Communist-led movements in various less-developed countries. Utopian socialism remains a live force in the Third World, if not in the West. But once in power, the utopians, as Marx anticipated, turn into oppressive authoritarian rulers of impoverished societies. The people continue to suffer as much as, or often more than, in the past. Their rulers, who purport to believe they are serving the people's interests, are more inclined to use terror to foster these interests than are those who are only concerned with maintaining power. The regimes of Salazar, Franco, and the Greek colonels could give way to democratic ones because they were reactionary and self-interested rather than revolutionary. Communists may not yield power, because they believe they represent historic truth and virtue, much like the Nazis.

The best we can do is to try to make society better; it will never be perfect. Those who seek Utopias are the true villains, and this is as true for leftists as it is for rightists. The bad can be made much worse. The ideal is the enemy of the good. □

CLOSING TIME

by Richard Brookhiser

If you have never lived in New York, only visited it, there is still a good chance you ate at Lüchow's, and a good chance you didn't much like it, at least as far as food is concerned. For Lüchow's—founded in 1882, and moving uptown to new quarters this year—had become, in its old age, something perilously close to a tourist trap: one of those New York restaurants like Mama Leone's, or Joe's Pier 52, which specialize in high prices, indifferent food, and hectic service, and which manage year after year to pay the rent because of their famous names and the unwariness of visiting bumpkins.

To that state had Lüchow's almost come—almost, not quite. For even in its nonagenarian decadence, it offered a handful of splendid dishes, unobtainable elsewhere—saddle of venison, which melted in the mouth from the consistency of filet mignon to the consistency of zabaglione, with lingonberries, sour cream, and chestnut purée on the side; goose, served in chunks that seemed all bone, but what wasn't was worth the work; and of course beer—chiefly draft beer, in liter *Seidels,* though my favorite was *Berlinerweisser,* a kind of beer cocktail which started with a puddle of raspberry syrup in a fat, round glass, to which was added a bottle of pale, almost tasteless ale. It sounds like toothpaste and Seven Up, looked nauseating, and tasted wonderful.

So, even at the end, it was possible to go to Lüchow's without feeling swindled or sickened. And yet finally you didn't go to eat; you went to go.

Whittaker Chambers went there as a teenager, taken by an older woman, a neighbor and mentor, "from [whom] I got my German, in fact, all my languages, my Europe, and much else."

> . . . a sense of history between the World Wars [Chambers wrote years later]. . . . the soldiered platform at Duren, the train running for miles with the smiling Senegalese holding their machine guns on it from the overheads, Nazis, Communists, the fall of nations, a wedge of wall standing above what had been St. Mihiel. I didn't start out to write this. But Lüchow's made me think of it.

But Chambers's associations were idiosyncratic. For the decades which gave Lüchow's the ambiance it so jealously preserved were not the tumultuous twenties and thirties, but the spacious *fin-de-siècle.* H.L. Mencken, another patron, remembered a meal with the music critic James Huneker:

> We sat down to luncheon at one o'clock; I think it must have been at Lüchow's, his favorite refuge and rostrum to the end. At six, when I had to go, the waiter was hauling in his tenth (or was it twentieth?) *Seidel* of Pilsner, and he was bringing to a close *prestissimo* the most amazing monologue. . . . Berlioz and the question of the clang tint of the viola . . . why Nietzsche had to leave Sils Maria between days in 1887 . . . the precise topography of the warts of Liszt . . . what to drink when playing Chopin . . . whether a girl educated at Vassar could ever really learn to love . . . what George Moore said about German bathrooms . . . the genuine last words of Walt Whitman . . .

Lüchow's stood at the intersection of 14th Street and Irving Place, in a pair of red brick townhouses, with balconied windows and trim—scallops and other doodads—painted to look gilded. Just inside the door, a thoughtful management placed a warning to the fainthearted in the form of Diamond Jim Brady's scales. Brady, a robber baron and philanthropist (he endowed the James Buchanan Brady Urological Institute at Johns Hopkins) would be considered bulimic by today's standards, but in fact he followed a regimen, which the scales helped enforce. Seating himself to a Lüchow's dinner, he would position his stomach four inches from the table top, and stop when they touched; as he left, he would weigh himself to make sure he had not exceeded 350 pounds. A typical Brady repast is said to have consisted of several dozen oysters, half a dozen broiled crabs, double turtle soup, six or seven lobsters, two orders of terrapin, two ducks, steak, vegetables, pastries, a two-pound box of candy, and a gallon of orange juice. Nor was he unique: August Lüchow, the founder, required four waiters to hoist him upstairs to his room by meal's end.

Next came an anteroom, a living room, really, having no discernible purpose except the display of paintings—all in ornate frames, and all in execrable taste, though that, and the profusion in which they were hung, was their charm. Last, the main dining room, with room for five hundred if there was room for one; nooks and cul-de-sacs scattered here and there; mirrored walls and dark wood paneling; a thirty-foot ceiling and skylight; in Christmas season, the largest indoor tree you'd ever seen, artificial (which was a minus), but made in Oberammergau (which made it plus again); and live music, a battle of the bands, no less, a string trio in white tie switching off with an oompah band in Alpine caps and *Lederhosen,* stumping from table to table and blaring brassily. A night at Lüchow's was like dining in a time capsule—the nineteenth century in the overripe, overstuffed, underexercised flesh.

Demographics is supposed to have done Lüchow's in. When it was founded, the east side of 14th Street was the double heart of the theater district, and the German community. The Germans left decades ago, without a trace; worse, so did the theaters. The immediate neighborhood slowly became nondescript,

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Richard Brookhiser is editor at National Review *and weighs 175 pounds.*

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seedy. Con Edison's headquarters, kitty corner from the lonely restaurant, gives the block stability, but no life past five o'clock, and what life there is is mostly low. Union Square, where the nearest subways debark, teems with entrepreneurs in controlled substances. Every weekend young voids with dayglo hair and leather wardrobes flock to the Palladium to have their eardrums punctured. Every night, alcoholics without the excuse of youth stumble in and out of Glancy's bar. One door down, you can have your palm read. One door further down, you can dine at Burger King—or could, till it closed (the currend franchise-lessor is Arby's).

Yet ultimately the demographic explanation does not satisfy. Like all but the worst spots in Manhattan, Lüchow's beleaguered home was only a few streets away from wholesomeness, even elegance. Four blocks north, Pete's Tavern, which O. Henry patronized—the booth where he wrote "The Gift of the Magi" being carefully marked—has made the transition from a workingman's watering hole to a resort of the chi-chi. Two blocks north of that lies Gramercy Park, fenced, private, as sleek as Union Square is grim (one of the surrounding townhouses is reportedly being offered for a cool $2 million). Beyond this urban oasis, life stirs. Slowly but surely the loft-buying middle class is creeping down Park Avenue South, and every Saturday during the warm months, the pushers cede the northern fringe of Union Square to a farmer's market. Even 14th Street at its worst is only unsightly, not seriously unsafe. New Yorkers put up with a lot of heterogeneity in pursuit of what they want.

No, the real reason for Lüchow's demise (and to leave its old premises was to seal its demise, whatever uptown reincarnation it seeks) was that New Yorkers had ceased to want it. It succumbed to the inexorable grinding of fashion. We no longer lunch from one to six, or start meals with twenty-four oysters and end them with a gallon of orange juice; and we have lost interest in even such ghosts of old habits as Lüchow's offered. (Jimmy Carter, it is true, inveighed against the three-martini lunch, and the electorate repudiated him; but if he had attacked the twenty-*Seidel* lunch, who would have said him nay?) We are still gluttons, but our arteries have replaced our gullets as objects of concern; we pamper our bodies with exercise. When we eat out (and that means you, *hypocrite lecteur*), we go Chinese, or Indian, or something equally refined and parsimonious; and if an expense account meal ticket in the Big Apple comes our way, we load up on Bloody Marys and head for proto-nouvelle cuisine at the Four Seasons. Afterwards, we jog.

The owners have said they will take Diamond Jim Brady's scales uptown with them. They might as well donate them to the Museum of Natural History. Meanwhile, the Landmarks Commission is making a move to preserve the Lüchow's interior. Who else could possibly make use of it, I cannot imagine; but capitalism is ingenious, and I shall hope. Perhaps new owners will hang ferns and serve quiche. Perhaps they will install video games (PAC-MAN would be appropriate). Before that happens, I want to go one last time—indeed, this eulogy has been nothing but an elaborate pretext. Unfortunately, the venison will not be in season; but I will have *Berlinerweisser,* perhaps three, in honor of the former President. On the way out, if no one's looking, I'll weigh myself. □

In earlier epochs, a critic tormented only the writers...

Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting.

Laurence Sterne

In ours, he torments everybody.

Recently a middle-aged father published a book about his sordid adventures in massage parlors, wife-swapping communes and the worlds of easy sex and prostitution. The critics were grateful to Gay Talese. *Newsweek* said that "Talese's research has an awesome solidity about it." *Vogue* was proud of ". . . Gay's triumph over the puritanical strictures of Ocean City, strictures that so inhibited him that he didn't even masturbate until his second year in college." And the *Chicago Tribune* — a newspaper respectable primarily in its own eyes—turned its enthusiasm into promotion by running excerpts of *Thy Neighbor's Wife* for Chicagoland families to read.

The state of literary criticism today strongly confirms Laurence Sterne's warning: the cant of criticism *is* the most tormenting. To make things worse, the modern media have transformed the critic into a midwife of mass consciousness. Regardless of what we wish to know or ignore, we live with cultural events and their consequences —as interpreted by the modern critic. Sadly, what passes for "cultural criticism" in *Time, Esquire, Chicago Tribune, Ladies Home Journal,* et al., amounts to an elitist, moral shoddiness.

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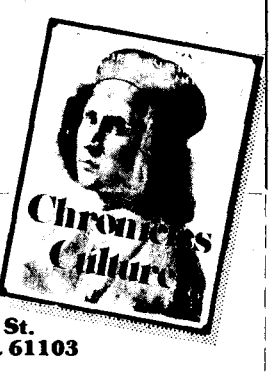

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THE KENNEDY IMPRISONMENT: A MEDITATION ON POWER

Garry Wills / Atlantic-Little, Brown and Co. / $14.95

Kenneth S. Lynn

The first section of *The Kennedy Imprisonment* is called "Sex," and it establishes the psychological viewpoint on which the whole book is based.

Joseph P. Kennedy, the founding father, was a tireless womanizer. He always had a beautiful secretary ready at hand. At Kennedy's invitation, his Hollywood bedmate, Gloria Swanson, accompanied him and his wife on an ocean liner to Europe. He took his sons' girlfriends out to dinner, quizzed them closely about their personal lives, invariably demanded and got a goodnight kiss, and sometimes tried to become more familiar. Openly proud of his skirt chasing, he dared his sons to try and outscore him. "The Kennedy boys," writes Garry Wills, "were expected by their father to undertake a competitive discipline of lust."

John F. Kennedy pursued more movie queens than his father did. And whereas old Joe had not hesitated to entertain his mistresses at the family home at Hyannis Port, Jack trumped that piece of audacity by making love to Judith Campbell Exner in the White House. The father was sexually bold, but his second son was bolder, while his fourth son simply threw caution to the wind. In the words of one of Senator Edward M. Kennedy's congressional friends, "I have told him ten times, 'Ted, you're acting like a fool. Everybody knows wherever you go. . . . Jack could smuggle girls up the back way of the Carlyle Hotel. But you're not nearly as discreet as you should be.' He looks down with a faint smile and says, 'Yeah, I guess you're right.' But he never listens." Although by comparison with his brothers Robert F. Kennedy was a Puritan, Wills believes that Bobby's daring river trips and mountaineering exploits were a substitute means of showing his father that he, too, was a chip off the old block.

"An Adlai Stevenson with balls," Joseph Alsop is reputed to have said of President Kennedy. In any event, such language characterized the obsessive masculinity of the New Frontier. Courage was "ballsiness" and tight situations such as the Cuban missile crisis were "nut-grabbing time." The ruthlessness that had characterized Old Joe's wheeling and dealing as a financier was translated by Jack and Bobby, says Wills, into a fascination with the macho toughness of guerrilla warriors and the disdainful coolness of Ian Fleming's 007. Enemies in the Kennedy scheme of things were never forgiven, while old friends who made the mistake of thinking for themselves were cut off without a qualm. Arthur Krock, for instance, had served Joe Kennedy for decades, and as the boys grew to manhood he took a special interest in Jack. He catered to Jack's sexual needs by introducing him to a toothsome Scandinavian blonde named Inga Arvad; he supplied Jack's first book, *Why England Slept,* with what little style it possesses; and he successfully campaigned, against very considerable odds, for the awarding of a Pulitzer Prize to *Profiles in Courage.* But because Krock was bitterly opposed to the 1960 Democratic platform statement on civil rights, he refused to endorse Jack for President. Once in office, Jack was not too busy to arrange for attacks on Krock to run in *Newsweek.* "Tuck it to Krock," he urged one of the magazine's editors, Ben Bradlee. "Bust it off in old Arthur. He can't take it, and when you go after him he folds."

For the most part, though, JFK was not nearly as hard-nosed a President as Wills makes him out to have been. Despite the fact that the rhetoric of his Inaugural had proclaimed America's willingness to pay any price to enhance the cause of freedom, Kennedy withheld air cover at the Bay of Pigs, thereby dooming the effort to overthrow Castro. He spoke of his ability to put an end to ancient forms of racial discrimination with the stroke of a pen, but once again he found it easier to speak than to act. He took us into Vietnam "slow and small," rather than "fast and big," which some of his advisers told him was the only means of achieving victory. And in spite of Wills's insistence that the United States, not the Soviet Union, was the aggressor in the Cuban missile crisis (those missiles, Wills erroneously states, were meant only for defense), Kennedy was in fact offering an irrelevant response to a dire threat to American security. For by ruling out an air strike in favor of a blockade, Kennedy failed to come to grips with the problem of the missiles already in the ground in Cuba. As Dean Acheson later observed, the Cuban missile crisis was happily resolved because Khrushchev lost his cool, not because Kennedy's strategy was well conceived.

There are many ways in which analysts of the Kennedy presidency might attempt to account for the timidity that was woven like a yellow thread through the ostentatious aggressiveness of the New Frontier. A psychological explanation is one such possibility, but if that route is followed, then the analyst must be prepared to tell us why Kennedy's brand of leadership struck a responsive chord in the psyches of his followers. Were they, too, caught between self-confidence and self-doubt? And, if so, why? Wills does not even acknowledge the existence of such questions. All he is interested in is the psychology of the Kennedy family. Yet even within this narrow area, *The Kennedy Imprisonment* does not offer us anything like an adequate assessment.

Old Joe Kennedy did not simply dare his sons to be like him. He urged them to fight their own battles—and then helped them to do so. His debilitating interventions in Jack's life alone ranged from rescuing his wartime career in the Navy after it was virtually ruined by the FBI's discovery of his entanglement with Inga Arvad, who had Nazi connections, to arranging for the rewriting and publication of *Why England Slept,* to the mobilization of endless amounts of money and influence in the senatorial contest with the popular Henry Cabot Lodge in 1952. At

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one and the same time, the father urged the son to be a man and forever made him feel like a boy. Wills is amazed that none of the Kennedy sons ever rebelled against Old Joe, whereas the fact is that they were too weakened by his awesome power ever to consider such a course.

The Kennedy Imprisonment is even more simple-minded about the role of Rose Kennedy, the boys' mother. Her nobility, Wills says, lay in patience, silence, and suffering. Her children ignored her, he continues, while her husband ran over her roughshod. When Old Joe brought Gloria Swanson to their home in Bronxville, Rose accepted her presence without a murmur; years later, Wills emphasizes, she wrote of that episode in her autobiography as if she did not even understand the nature of her husband's relationship with the movie star. Wills's interpretation, in sum, reduces Rose to a plaster statuette of a madonna: Although she was revered in the Kennedy household, she was much too passive to have had any significant influence upon it.

Rose's autobiography, however, is not the chronicle of a latter-day Holy Mary. Rather, it is the work of a passive-aggressive woman who understood that making explicitly bitchy remarks was not the only way to repay one's husband for his philandering or to make his mistress look like a slut. "Don't get mad, get even" was the bristling slogan of all the male Kennedys, but Rose got even in her autobiography by concealing her vengefulness behind an impeccable courtesy.

In addition to misconstruing Rose's personality, Wills errs in thinking that the personalities of her sons were entirely shaped by their father. Even if the author of *The Kennedy Imprisonment* is ignorant, as apparently he is, of the voluminous psychiatric literature of recent decades that stresses the fundamental importance of mothering in the formation of children's attitudes toward life, could not Wills have looked about him, at the children he himself knows, and realized what a foolish argument he was making? In the case of the Kennedys, it was the mother, not the father, who raised the boys from day to day. On whirlwind trips from the Coast, Joe swept in, gave orders, and departed; Rose was left to carry out those orders. On the basis of her published letters to her sons, one must assume that "if you don't do thus and so, I will tell your father" was her controlling theme, and if it was, then the childishly irresponsible risk-taking to which the boys would be given as adults becomes comprehensible. The sons of Joe and Rose Kennedy had many impressive qualities. Their fatal flaw, however, was that these naughty boys never fully grew up—and their mother as well as their father played a role in their infantilization.

That Garry Wills does not perceive, let alone understand, the psychological immaturity of Jack, Bobby, and Teddy Kennedy may have something to do with the fact that he himself as a writer seems to be frozen forever in the role of boy wonder. Fifteen years ago, his precocious productivity and *enfant terrible* iconoclasms were the hallmarks of a brightly promising career. In 1982, his performances are shadowed with the pathos of arrested development. Significantly enough, the only Kennedy for whom he feels compassion is the paunchy, defeated Teddy. "Why is he, how *can* he be, so bad?" asks Wills, far more in sorrow that in anger. One has to wonder whether the author unconsciously senses the applicability of that question to himself. □

THE BRANDEIS/FRANKFURTER CONNECTION: THE SECRET POLITICAL ACTIVITIES OF TWO SUPREME COURT JUSTICES

Bruce Allen Murphy / Oxford University Press / $18.95

Edwin M. Yoder, Jr.

This already much-discussed book explores, with sometimes impressive scholarship, an intriguing institutional issue: How much do Supreme Court justices distance themselves from the political hurly-burly? How much should they?

Professor Murphy selects as the lab specimens for this inquiry two justices, Louis D. Brandeis and Felix Frankfurter, whose personal integrity has been regarded as unassailable. Murphy is forced to build his case upon a mosaic of activities each of which considered singly is usually less than shocking. A further curiosity is Mr. Murphy's historical appendix, a survey of the off-the-bench political activities of Supreme Court justices since 1789, which in listing egregious examples tends to reduce, even more, the impression that the Brandeis-Frankfurter "connection" was extraordinary.

Indeed, Mr. Murphy insists that it is not his intention to diminish the reputation for probity of either Louis Brandeis or Felix Frankfurter. Yet there is an unmistakable premise here that much of what they did off the bench and after hours was improper.

There can be only two bases for such a judgment—judicial and legal custom and tradition, and the Constitution. As Murphy himself shows, however, the tradition is mixed, while the Constitution as usual is silent or sibylline on the degree to which justices may permissibly function as informal political operators or advisers. Presumably everyone would agree that Justice John McLean of the pre-Civil War era offers a limiting case: "He became a sorry figure," writes Mr. Murphy, "placing his hat in the ring in every [presidential] election from 1832 to 1860 and never even getting a party nomination." Otherwise, the due constraints are obscure.

What is Murphy's case against Brandeis and Frankfurter? First, that almost from the day he took his seat on the Court in 1916 Brandeis engaged Frankfurter, for most of the period a teacher at Harvard Law School, as a confidential lieutenant in advancing political causes he could no longer personally and openly pursue—from soak-the-rich taxation to unemployment compensation to the de-monopolization of American business.

Second, that between 1916 and Frankfurter's own appointment to the Court in 1939, Frankfurter received a steady subsidy from Brandeis for expenses incidental to Frankfurter's work as an informal Brandeis operative: some $50,000 in all.

Third—this is perhaps the gravest of the revelations—that Brandeis's private comments were often funneled via Frankfurter into the columns of various publications, including the *New Republic* and the law journals. These shrouded manifestations of Brandeis's political agenda were obviously calculated to shape opinion, even on matters that might conceivably arise before the Supreme Court.

Fourth, that both Brandeis and Frankfurter, working through a network of strategically placed Washington protégés (usually former law students or clerks) continually sought to influence administration policy, especially during the New Deal period.

Finally, Murphy surveys extensively Felix Frankfurter's already familiar role as a Roosevelt adviser, both before and after Brandeis's retirement (February 1939) and death (October 1941). For instance, he discloses that Frankfurter not only advised on Lend-Lease legislation in 1941 (which was already known) but vetted some 30 drafts of the bill: a fact made apparent for the first time, he says, by the Oscar Cox diary at Hyde Park.

There are long discussions of all these activities, but Mr. Murphy concentrates on the thirties. Then, Justice Brandeis, fondly known as "Isaiah," took a dim view of the centralizing tendencies of some advisers around Roosevelt. For instance, he abhorred the National Industrial Recovery Act (except for its provisions favorable to laborers) and was mortally embarrassed when the inept Hugh Johnson, the NRA chieftain, artlessly declared in a radio broadcast in September 1934 that throughout his ordeal as NRA administrator, "I have been in constant touch with that old counselor, Judge Louis Brandeis." This, ironically,

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was a gross exaggeration; for while Brandeis had made no secret among friends of his general hostility toward NRA, "Ironpants" Johnson was not a Brandeis confidant.

The styles of the two justices in their backstage activities differed sharply. Brandeis, working from his study-apartment on California Street, usually contrived to arrange that those who came to consult with him would formally make the first overture, even when the initiative was his. At times, this pretense went to comic lengths. When Prof. Paul Freund was clerking for Brandeis, he received a message from Raymond Moley that "the justice asked to see [Cordell] Hull and I've been able to set it up." When Freund relayed the message, "Brandeis reacted to Moley's words with general alarm: 'No, Secretary of State Hull wants to see me!' "

Brandeis was remote, secretive, austere: "something between Lincoln and Christ in the strange poetical impression he leaves," recalled James Grafton Rogers after attending one of the justice's soirées, "scarcely of this world at all." Certainly, Brandeis took greater pains than Frankfurter to mute and disguise his political role. Gregarious and far from reclusive, Frankfurter functioned in Murphy's phrase as the "double Felix," a political activist who protested that he was in reality a judicial monk. Frankfurter, he writes, "relied on strong arguments, indignantly put, to stifle any suggestion that any impropriety had taken place." This was the source of the prevailing impression that Frankfurter took a "sacerdotal" view of the judge's role, so consecrated to abstention that it often forbade even harmless unofficial comment. The impression was false.

Indeed, that the political role of both justices was far more extensive than was previously suspected Mr. Murphy shows conclusively. But must we raise our eyebrows quite as high, or quite as indignantly, as he seems to expect? I think not.

No one wishes to be an apologist for judicial impropriety. But for the most part, Mr. Murphy's evidence suggests that neither justice wandered far beyond the norms of Court history and tradition up to their time. The Fortas and Douglas episodes have certainly chilled the climate for extrajudicial adventure, but that was after the retirement and death of both Brandeis and Frankfurter.

The principal worry is not that justices may be corrupt, or may allow their political sympathies to infringe on judgment. Both Brandeis and Frankfurter were singularly free of the vice of judicial activism, in the sense of confusing personal bias with the law. No one can be comfortable with Mr. Murphy's disclosure that Brandeis occasionally seemed to issue veiled threats that he would use his judicial powers to reinforce his political advice, if disregarded. It would be quite difficult to establish, however, that he did so; quite the contrary, in fact. Notwithstanding a distaste for the policies of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration (which had prompted Brandeis to hint to its chief counsel, Gardner Jackson, that he might "declare war" on the New Deal) the justice voted in the test case to uphold the act. The most that Mr. Murphy can say is that since Brandeis did not write a dissent, but joined Justice Stone's, he might have been inhibited by informal discussion of the AAA.

The real concern is that secret political activities might weigh upon the conscience of a justice, forcing him to mysterious and unexplained withdrawals from cases. That seldom happened with either Brandeis or Frankfurter; nor was either too busy advising to carry a full case load.

Professor Murphy's case, on occasion mildly overstated, becomes extravagant only once. He writes, remarkably: "We must leave it to psychohistorians to comment on whether or not the extreme judicial restraint of Frankfurter's later years on the bench represented an attempt to assuage a guilt over his past extensive political activity." Psychohistorians tempted by this invitation would probably make even greater fools of themselves than usual. The doctrine of judicial restraint is not a matter of the psyche but a solidly founded doctrine, carefully formulated in a tradition that reaches from Holmes to Frankfurter and, later, Alexander Bickel. It is unlikely that probing in so subjective a light would be useful. It would be preposterous to imagine, for instance, that it was some "compensatory feeling" that moved Felix Frankfurter to his embittered personal dissent in the second flag salute case (when, speaking as a member of "one of the most persecuted religious minorities in history," he upheld a state's prerogative to force observance of a patriotic gesture upon the children of Jehovah's Witnesses).

Since justices of the U.S. Supreme Court are notoriously, and I think properly, the jealous guardians of their personal ethics, they will undoubtedly continue to set their own standards and keep their own counsel about what they do and why. Those standards will vary in strictness with the climate of the age; and Mr. Murphy is safe enough in supposing that the climate is more restrictive now. But the unwritten rule is that war or some other extraordinary national emergency licenses Presidents to demand of justices more expansive unofficial roles, both public and private: Not only the advisory roles taken on by Brandeis and Frankfurter, under Wilson and FDR, but Justice Robert's chairmanship of the Pearl Harbor inquiry or Robert Jackson's participation in the Nuremberg war crimes trials.

These demands will probably be obliged, although some observers on and off the Court will disapprove. Of the more informal ventures into politics, we are unlikely to know much while they occur. So far, what we haven't known—including the revelations of this book—has done no demonstrable harm to the Court or to the country. □

POLITICAL PILGRIMS: TRAVELS OF WESTERN INTELLECTUALS TO THE SOVIET UNION, CHINA, AND CUBA

Paul Hollander / Oxford University Press / $25.00

Matei Calinescu

A political century like ours has long been in need of a political *sottisier,* which, according to the standard French definition, is a collection or dictionary of memorable stupidities, particularly those uttered by well-known authors. Among other things, Paul Hollander's book contains such a *sottisier* in its copious selection of political gems produced by Western intellectuals who, in search of Utopia, traveled to the Soviet Union, China, Cuba, and other Third World countries between 1928 and 1978. (Probably only the sheer overabundance of material has prevented Hollander from considering post-World War II Eastern Europe.)

Intelligent people, of course, can and do say countless foolish things about all sorts of matters. One might even argue that to be constantly intelligent is to be socially ill-mannered, if not intellectually unbearable. Wittgenstein once complained that a colleague of his, an English philosopher, had one major defect: He was "intelligent all the time." Certainly there are types and degrees of foolishness, and they range from the innocuous to the truly harmful. Political stupidity usually falls within the latter category, particularly if associated with high-minded idealism. It is not merely that idealism or utopianism in politics is bound to fail in our (thank God) imperfect world. What is much worse is that it refuses to recognize this failure and, when the opportunity is there, it dogmatically proclaims this very failure a success. And so, while imbecilic political statements might make us laugh, their final effect is disquieting. Political foolishness, after all, very often goes hand in hand with tenacious wishful thinking, with what Hollander calls "selective perception" and "selective tolerance," with a strange kind of "provisional" dishonesty in the name of "absolute" honesty, with a will to self-delusion that Czeslaw Milosz has illuminated in *The Captive Mind.* In other words, political foolishness all too frequently derives from a moral stupidity that coexists with a certain intellectual brilliance, but nevertheless condones, promotes, and even supports—whether wittingly or unwittingly makes little difference—both political and moral evil. And since the major moral-political evil of our century is totalitarianism, it is natural that most forms of contemporary political senselessness revolve around the themes of totalitarianism, as manifested in what Jean-François Revel calls the "totalitarian temptation."

As political *sottisier,* therefore, *Political Pilgrims* is a profoundly disturbing book, its hilarity notwithstanding. When Edmund Wilson notes, in his *Travels to Two Democracies* (1936), that Soviet citizens strolling in a "park do really own it and are careful of what is theirs," and then adds that "a new kind of public consciousness has come to

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lodge in these crowds . . . [which] move like slow floods of water—not straining, not anxious like our people, not pitted against an alien environment, but as if the whole city belonged to them," I am embarrassed and disappointed at seeing a fine and discriminating literary critic in such a poignantly silly idyllic mood, a mood attributed to people living under the great terror of Stalinism. That the supremely intelligent George Bernard Shaw was a political fool even before discovering the moral appeal of Soviet society is well documented, but this makes his foolishness no less discomforting.

In 1927, when endorsing the dictatorship of Mussolini in the name of socialism, was Shaw's wish simply to shock his fellow Fabians? Whatever the case, his views demonstrated how cleverness, in its willingness to surprise, can readily lead to demonstrations of political stupidity (that such stupidity can be highly unpopular does not change its nature one bit): "Some of the things Mussolini has done," wrote Shaw, "and some that he is threatening to do go farther in the direction of socialism than the English Labour Party could yet venture if they were in power. They will bring him presently into serious conflict with capitalism; and it is certainly not my business, nor that of any socialist, to weaken him in view of such a conflict." I have taken this quotation from Alastair Hamilton's *The Appeal of Fascism: A Study of Intellectuals and Fascism, 1919-1945* (1971), a work that complements Hollander's *Political Pilgrims* in that it investigates the other major direction of the modern "totalitarian temptation"—but is that direction really *other*? As Hamilton remarks in the Introduction to his study, cited approvingly by Hollander himself: "The barrier between those [intellectuals] who chose Communism and those who preferred Fascism seems to me . . . so slim that we are less than ever entitled to say that a certain type of man, a certain type of psychology tended toward Fascism."

Be that as it may, it did not take George Bernard Shaw more than a few years to realize, in *The Rationalization of Russia* (1931), that the USSR had come much closer to realizing his socialist dreams than had Mussolini's Italy. Shaw was positively amazed, for instance, at the admirable conditions prevailing in Soviet jails, so admirable, indeed, that their inmates were reluctant to leave them: "In England," he writes, "a delinquent enters [the jail] as an ordinary man and comes out a 'criminal type,' whereas in Russia he enters as a criminal type and would come out as an ordinary man but for the difficulty of inducing him to come out at all." Being in a Soviet prison, in fact, amounted to nothing less than a "privilege." Like his friends Sidney and Beatrice Webb, the nonconformist Shaw went so far as to express sincere admiration for what Hollander calls the "good works" of the OGPU (a predecessor of today's KGB): "We cannot afford to give ourselves moral airs when [the USSR] . . . humanely and judiciously liquidates a handful of exploiters and speculators to make the world safe for the honest man." As for other entries from the Soviet part of Hollander's *sottisier*, my favorite remains the appreciation of Lavrenti Beria, Stalin's head of the NKVD and chief executioner, by a Yale Divinity School professor, Jerome Davis, as a "somewhat inaccessible" but fully "successful administrator." (The statement was made in 1946!)

With the slow but steady erosion of the Soviet myth after World War II, intellectual (and pseudo-intellectual) pilgrimages to Utopia took other directions: China, whose mystique

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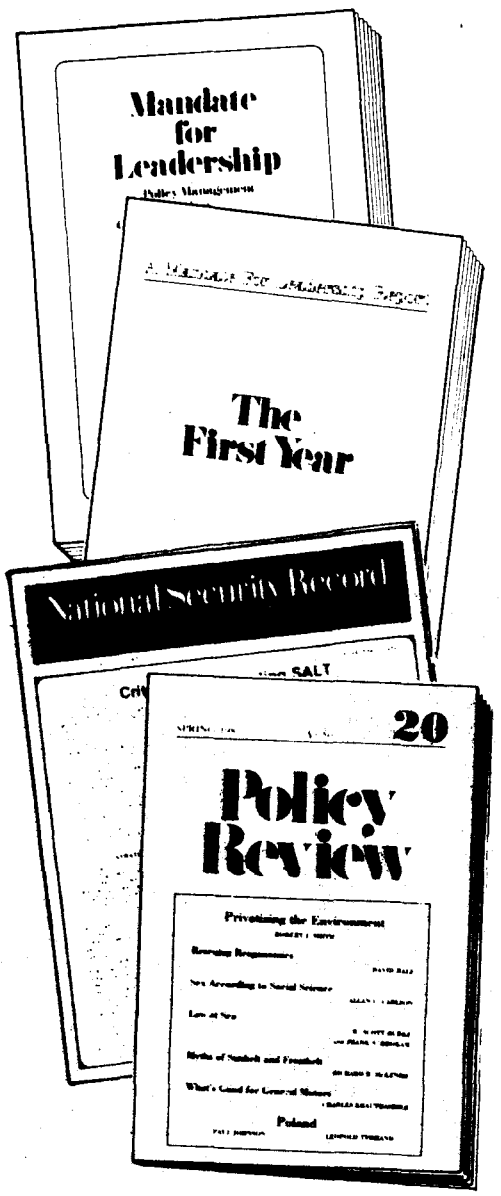

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was greatest during the worst years of the Cultural Revolution; North Vietnam, whose "heroic" image was enhanced by the growing antiwar movement of the late 1960s and early 1970s; and Cuba. Hollander's *sottisier* here is no less grotesque. While Simone de Beauvoir found life in China "exceptionally pleasant" (1958), Alberto Moravia discovered the uplifting virtues of poverty, as opposed to the degrading consumerism of the West. At the height of the Cultural Revolution, Maria Antonietta Macciocchi saw "a people . . . marching with a light step and with fervor toward the future. This people may be the incarnation of the new civilization of the world." Advocating "dropping out" of the "cancerous society" of America and rejoicing over the veritable "miracle" (her word) "that I've begun to use some elements of Marxist or Neo-Marxist language," Susan Sontag was struck in Hanoi by the fact that "the phenomenon of existential agony, of alienation just don't [sic!] appear among the Vietnamese" and that "the Vietnamese are 'whole' human beings, not 'split' as we are." As for Castro, Norman Mailer, in a fit of hero worship, had welcomed him as a sort of fairy tale prince of Revolution riding an inevitably white horse: "So, Fidel Castro, I announce to the City of New York that you gave all of us who are alone in this country . . . some sense that there were heroes in the world. It was as if the ghost of Cortez appeared in our century riding Zapata's white horse. You were the first and greatest hero to appear in the world after the Second World War." Such quotations constitute about one-quarter of Hollander's book and nearly all deserve to be included in the disquieting political *sottisier* of our century that the author unintentionally has managed to produce.

But *Political Pilgrims* is more (though in quantitative terms, certainly less) than just a *sottisier*. As a professional sociologist, Hollander would not have been content to present a rich sampling of political foolishness simply for the amusement of the reader. His purpose is to analyze, explain, and assess the material at hand, and this leads him of course to raise a number of larger questions in regard to which, out of intellectual honesty, he feels compelled to spell out not only his position but the reasons for it. The questions are quite diverse: Some involve sociological theory (what are the intellectuals? what is their place in society? how can their generally acknowledged role in handling the symbolic codes of social life be used and abused? what is estrangement, or alienation, and in what ways does it affect the intelligentsia?); some center on problems of political philosophy (what is Utopia and utopian thought? what are the justifications of utopian as well as of anti-utopian attitudes? what is revolution?); others are plainly questions of ethics; and others, finally, are questions which escape easy classification but belong to such often overlapping areas as modern history (including intellectual history), descriptive sociology, current politics, and, occasionally, futurological speculation.

Hollander's willingness to deal with all these gives his book the high seriousness his subject deserves. But however laudable this commitment to thoroughness may be in purely scholarly terms, it results in a discourse that unfolds slowly, at times ponderously, with *longeurs* and repetitions (some of which could have been easily avoided), and attempts to deal with too many questions only remotely or indirectly linked to the immediate topic. Because *Political Pilgrims* contains so many thoughtful insights and raises problems of such urgency, I regret that Hollander did not try to emulate one of his acknowledged masters, Peter Berger, and write with a wider audience in mind. Perhaps I shall be proved wrong—books having their unpredictable fate—and *Political Pilgrims* will eventually find its way to the general reader. This may indeed turn out to be the case, but, as so often happens, for the wrong reason: namely, the fuss made by certain reviewers about the author's presumed attempt to vilify or "scapegoat" the intellectuals.

In fact, Hollander pointedly refuses to make any clear-cut distinction between the intellectuals and "most other people" regarding such attitudes or practices as the use of double standards, selective tolerance, political misperception, estrangement from society, sensitivity to flattery or to other inducements of the "techniques of hospitality." As for the statements that constitute the focus of his study, Hollander points out that they were made by a "minority of those who may be called 'Western intellectuals,'" albeit an "important and vocal minority." Though intellectuals as manipulators of cultural symbols have at times a disproportionate influence in society, they never act as a "bloc," but are divided into several competing minorities the extent of whose influence is always problematical. There are emerging trends and "cumulative effects," however, which the sociologist of intellectual life not only has a right but is obliged to consider. Hollander, then, has nothing to apologize for, at least not here.

Of definitions of intellectuals over the last 150 years, from Alexis de Tocqueville to Karl Manheim to Edward Shils, there is no end, and the problem I think is that Hollander has examined too many of these historical definitions without giving sufficient attention to what we should understand by the term "intellectual" in today's postindustrial and postmodern world. He thus appears to have caused himself a problem, in that some of the people he cites do not qualify as intellectuals under any of these definitions—activist actresses like Jane Fonda or Shirley Maclaine, or radical militants like Tom Hayden or Abbie Hoffman. I am not opposed to their inclusion per se, but the author should have explained and qualified such choices more persuasively than he does in a brief footnote in which he states that such people may be considered intellectuals if they have some "ability to reflect on . . . larger issues" and "if they engage in social criticism." In my view, the case of actors (or singers or other kinds of entertainers) who involve themselves in our media-dominated politics is just one aspect of a larger phenomenon that I would call "intellectual *Bovarysme*," i.e., the mere wish to share in the "prestige" of membership in the intelligentsia. Such people readily lend their voices to causes articulated by "professional" intellectuals, who in turn avail themselves of media celebrities in order to have access to a much wider public audience. In the case of radical political figures the question is somewhat more complicated: But insofar as such figures tend to be perceived as heroic spokesmen of the radical intelligentsia, what they say may be considered representative. Thus, I am not really bothered by the way Hollander introduces the following quotation from *Revolution for the Hell of It* by Abbie Hoffman: "For Abbie Hoffman, as for Mailer and Sartre, Castro's appeal had to do much with the macho image: 'Fidel . . . is like a mighty penis coming to life, and when he is tall and straight, the crowd immediately is transformed.'" We note in passing that the New Left's eroticization of politics is not without a certain precedent in historical Fascism, a precedent strongly emphasized in the newest cultural (re)interpretations of Nazism, as Saul

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Friedländer has convincingly pointed out in his recent book, *Reflets du nazisme*. The phallic leader and the feminine crowd is an old story.

As our century draws to a close, there will be fewer and fewer intellectual or pseudo-intellectual pilgrimages to Utopia. Even over the period studied by Hollander, utopian lands have begun to manifest a tendency to shrink in size dramatically: from huge countries like the USSR or China to middle-sized or small countries like (North) Vietnam or Cuba, to such tiny places as Albania. Concerning Albania, I cannot resist the temptation to add another gem to the necessarily parsimonious collection presented in these pages. A West European intellectual, Jan Myrdal, wrote in 1976 with a stupendous lack of foresight: "Due to its principled struggle, the small Albanian people have become the focus of interest for militant trade union activists in the Swedish mining districts, Polish dockers fighting for socialism against their new bosses [apparently the Poles wound up imitating the Albanian model too slavishly!], students from Africa, leaders of the underground resistance to the Fascist generals in Chile, and many others. And Tirana, which once was a secluded Balkan city, is becoming a meeting place for discussing and exchanging experiences." Such sheer political-intellectual *kitsch* aside, conventional Utopias in our limited world are slowly being squeezed out as they reveal without exception (*without exception*) the nightmarish side of the dream of socio-political perfection: despotism, the cruel cult of naked power, untold desperation of entire nations, brutal exploitation and ideological manipulation, widespread cynicism, and ultimately what I once called, summing up Igor Shafarevich's view of Communism, "thanatocracy" or the "rule of death."

How then explain that the insidious "totalitarian temptation," having taken refuge in a world of pure fantasy, has strangely become stronger and perhaps more dangerous than ever? In the thought-provoking concluding chapter, Hollander writes:

> It seems to me that what has been consequential is not the perception or praise of particular countries and their political systems at any given time. What makes a difference in the long run is the cumulative impact of the denigration intellectuals direct at their own society. . . . The long-range impact of the intellectuals' rejection of their society, their almost instinctive, reflexive disparagement of its major values . . . may contribute not only to popular bewilderment but also to the low morale and loss of will of political elites—possibly, in the long run, to the erosion of both popular and elite support for the survival of Western political institutions.

As individuals, most of the people discussed in Hollander's *Political Pilgrims* sooner or later changed their minds and some (one need only think of Richard Crossman's *The God That Failed*) underwent a deep crisis of conscience whose authenticity cannot be doubted. But the "cumulative effect" of their opinions—Communist or Fascist or Communist-Fascist—is still with us, curiously reinforced by the more sophisticated and more "fantastic" opinions of younger intellectuals. Today's West—pluralistic as it certainly is—continues to be dominated by a diffuse atmosphere of *accusatory thought* (which is not to be confused with healthy critical and self-critical thought). And if the opportunity of pilgrimages to Utopia is going to be harder and eventually impossible to come by, there remains "the leftist nostalgia for a nice Communism that could have materialized"—as Leszek Kolakowski put it in a recent *New Republic* piece on contemporary Poland—which is responsible for the outpouring of increasingly abstract neo-Marxist, para-Marxist, or semi-Marxist books not only from the continent but, to an even larger degree, from England and America. Are we witnessing, especially in this country's academic circles, a new *trahison des clercs,* to refer to Julien Benda's famous phrase? Julia Kristeva (herself a former radical, largely "deconverted" by the tremendous impact that Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago* had on the Parisian intelligentsia) injected some lucidity into the recent Sontag controversy when she observed:

> It has seemed to me that American intellectuals, especially those in university circles, have been reacting like backward Marxists, rivaling the Soviets in their dogma. There is a kind of unreality about American intellectuals. . . . I remember being scorned after a meeting at an American university because I declared that people in the United States had more freedom than in the Soviet Union—and by intellectuals who were popping champagne bottles to boot. Reality escapes them!

Hollander's book is among the few lucid works that can help us understand some of the complex cultural forces which have led us to where we are: closer than ever to what the philosopher E.M. Cioran calls "post-history." Paul Hollander should be congratulated both for providing us with a perceptively commented (if of

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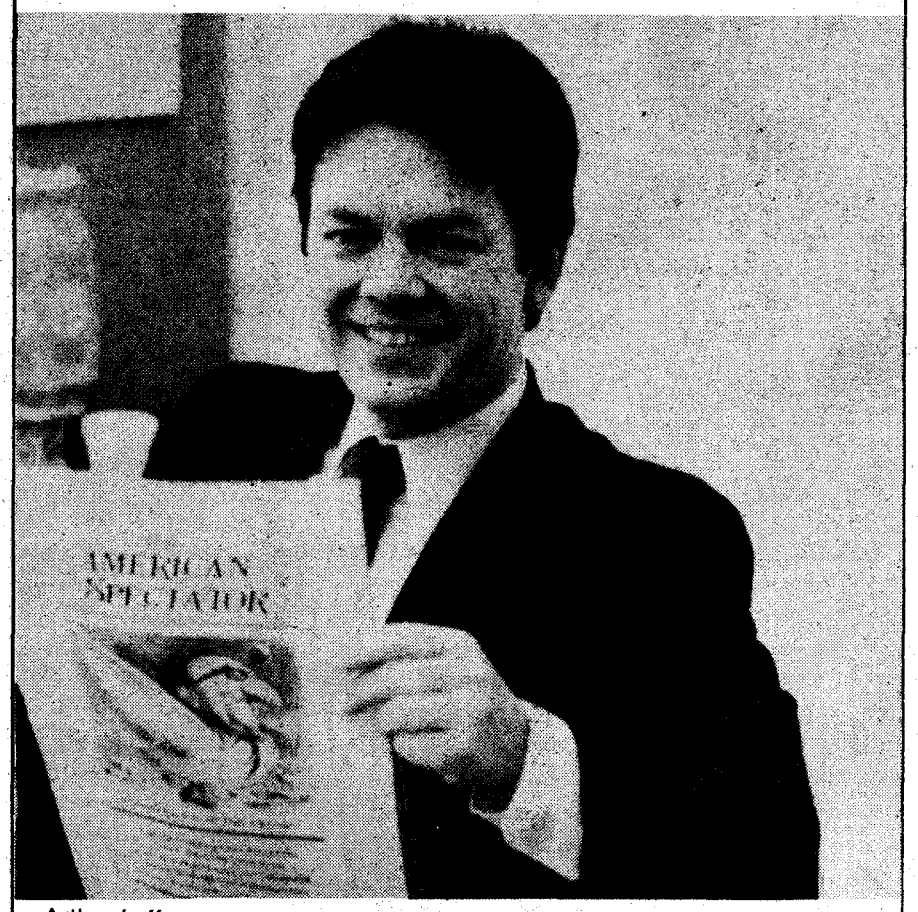

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necessity incomplete) political *sottisier* of our troubled century, and for ending his commentary on a note of what I would term disciplined pessimism. I say this because the material he examines could easily have lent itself to more alarmist, if not directly apocalyptic, treatment. Under such circumstances, Hollander's calm pessimism has the paradoxical quality of being—at least intellectually—reassuring. □

NO PLACE OF GRACE: ANTIMODERNISM AND THE TRANSFORMATION OF AMERICAN CULTURE, 1880-1920

Jackson Lears / Pantheon Books / $18.50

David Herbert Donald

What do Henry Adams, G. Stanley Hall, Ralph Adams Cram, Elbert Hubbard, Jane Addams, and Frank Norris have in common? What links American interest in Oriental religions, the "invention" of adolescence, the rise of militarism, an obsession with genealogy, and the revival of arts and crafts? All, according to Jackson Lears, were part of the broad movement of antimodernism that surfaced in America during the 1880s and that by the 1920s had transformed American culture. During these decades, Lears writes, "many beneficiaries of modern culture began to feel they were its secret victims." They came to think that faith in progress was stultifying, that American culture was thin and impoverished, that dominant Protestantism was vague and unhelpful, and that nineteenth-century positivists' conceptions of reality were narrow. Against the "evasive banality" of "official modern culture in industrial America," these antimodernists took up arms.

No Place of Grace examines and judges numerous aspects of this antimodernist impulse. Lears deals with the arts and crafts movement, which followed the inspiration of John Ruskin and William Morris in rejecting the impersonal perfection of assembly-line products; with the revival of interest in physical fitness and military discipline as antidotes to racial and class impotence, an impulse best illustrated by the career of Theodore Roosevelt; with the awakened interest in medieval art and culture, as products of "the childhood of the race"; with a renewed concern for childhood itself and with G. Stanley Hall's identification of adolescence as a distinct period in human life; with a search for form and meaningful ritual in Catholicism and Anglo-Catholicism; and with the quest for Nirvana in the religions of the Orient.

Over this broad range of cultural and intellectual developments Lears, who teaches history at the University of Missouri, moves with knowledge and assurance. If his book adds little that is new on any one of these developments, it juxtaposes and connects these movements in a fresh and illuminating way. *No Place of Grace* brilliantly depicts the severe cultural crisis of late nineteenth-century America.

Lears seeks the sources of antimodernism through a combination of psychoanalytical and Marxist analyses. His intent is to "connect psychic with social change," to show "a link between Freud and Gramsci," but the two approaches are never fully integrated. Although Lears repeatedly warns his reader—and perhaps himself—that "antimodern dissent was too complex to be fully explained by invoking class and cultural determinants," in the end his Marxism wins over his Freudianism and he concludes flatly that antimodernism reflected "a particular class and power position" of its advocates. A biographical appendix listing sixty-six antimodernist leaders, with basic facts about their lives, leads to the judgment that they were mostly from "the better educated strata of the old-stock ruling class."

Lears argues that the antimodernist movement brought about a transformation of American culture—but not the transformation that the antimodernists consciously hoped for or expected. The arts and crafts movement, for instance, resulted in no change in the system of American mass-production; what might have been "an alternative to alienated labor" became "a revivifying hobby for the affluent"—woodworking tools in every bourgeois garage. Similarly, other antimodernist movements "preserved an eloquent edge of protest" even while they "promoted accommodation to new modes of cultural hegemony," so that, in the end, antimodernism "eased adjustment to a streamlined modern culture even as it sustained protest against that culture." The result was not intended, Lears insists. "The shift from a Protestant to a therapeutic basis of capitalist cultural hegemony" was "an unforeseen, unintended result of the efforts of individual men to locate meaning amid cultural confusion." But it was also not unpredictable, since antimodernists were psychologically ambivalent: "they often idealized premodern thought (especially its 'unconscious' dimension)" but "they remained committed to nineteenth-century values of autonomous achievement and conscious control."

Lears's conclusion is both obvious and correct: Whatever antimodernist thinkers intended or hoped, their movement did not cause most Americans to make their own furniture or pottery, to imitate the alleged innocence and childishness of medieval folk, to worship at the shrine of either Henry Adams's Virgin or his Dynamo, or to escape into Nirvana. Less obvious, and less justifiable, is Lears's judgment that the movement failed because antimodernists sought "moral reform within existing frameworks of bourgeois values and organized capitalism" and not—as he clearly would prefer—"root and branch institutional change."

Unhappy to find that the thinkers he has studied were not radicals like himself, Lears rushes to attack and ridicule them. Instead of examining, for example, what advocates of physical fitness, the strenuous life, and military discipline sought to accomplish, he announces that Theodore Roosevelt's "cant anticipated Nixon's," which in turn led to "the 'nuclear superiority' cant of Reaganite Republicans" and of "George Will and other present-day militarists." Similarly, Lears labels G. Stanley Hall's studies of adolescence and his call for "healthy personality" as "fatuities," which "anticipated those of William Reich, Hugh Hefner, and the more deluded among the countercultural radicals of the 1960s." Indeed, with the exception of Henry Adams, the antimodernists, in Lears's view, were much like the youthful protesters of the past decade, "whose 'revolution' was rapidly transformed into a consumer bonanza of stereos, designer jeans, and sex aids."

Despite Lears's intrusive commentary and his anachronistic evaluations, *No Place of Grace* is an important and exciting book, perhaps the best study we have of late nineteenth-century cultural history. At a time when intellectual history in the United States seems moribund, a work with such range, power, and enthusiasm is especially welcome. It is to be hoped that in future books Lears can discipline his energy with self-restraint and will come to recognize that the historian's task is to understand as well as to judge. □

David Herbert Donald is Chairman of the Graduate Program in the History of American Civilization at Harvard University.

THE SECOND AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Gore Vidal / Random House / $15.00

Mitchell S. Ross

Word comes from the great state of California that Gore Vidal, literary politician, has once again transmogrified into Gore Vidal, professional politician. Matched against Jerry Brown and other beauties, Vidal will contend for the United States Senate seat now occupied by S.I. Hayakawa, who is retiring in order to devote more time to his naps.

Is this good news or bad for fans of Vidal's writing, among whom I count myself? At first glance it would seem that we have here a source of sorrow. After all, it is likely that a victorious Vidal would proceed to dissipate his energies in debates over tax cuts, anti-abortion legislation, and sub-

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sidies for farmers, these high-minded concerns being, of course, a senator's lot. On the other hand, a spell on Capitol Hill might serve in the long run to improve Vidal's writing by rendering him so weary of public affairs that politics would never again putrify his prose.

Vidal the politician has always been Vidal at his worst, and the present collection of his essays offers additional evidence of this. In "The State of the Union Revisited," for example, he reiterates his thesis that every President of the United States is, in fact, a retainer of the Chase Manhattan Bank. He refers to "Banksman Henry Kissinger" and "Banksman Jimmy Carter" and argues that the dying Shah of Iran was admitted to this country for medical treatment solely because "Banksman Carter" feared that the Shah would close his American bank accounts if denied entry. Indeed, says Vidal, the mediocrity of American politicians is mainly due to the machinations of the Chase Manhattan Bank. "The Bank prefers to keep the brightest Americans hidden away in the branch offices. The dull and the docile are sent to Congress and the White House." Even Carl T. Rowan can do better than this.

Would a Senator Vidal rise above the rabble? Essayist Vidal, I fear, offers little encouragement. In "The Real Two-Party System," he confesses that he does not vote, and in the book's title essay Vidal forthrightly states what he believes to be the Senate's purpose: "The Senate should be kept as a home for wise men, much like England's House of life-Lords." In other words, Senator Vidal would in all likelihood see it as his primary responsibility to stand up and say wise things about the Chase Manhattan Bank's all-powerful role in American politics.

Vidal entertains other statesman-like notions. He thinks, for example, that we should switch to parliamentary government. "This would render it possible for the United States to have, for the first time in two centuries, real political parties. Since the parliamentary system works reasonably well in other industrially developed countries there is no reason why it should not work for us." The only other country Vidal considers in this book is Italy, where he has maintained a home for several years and on which he meditates in "Sciascia's Italy." And how is parliamentary government faring there? According to Vidal, "Italy's two great unloved political parties" operate in a society based on "moral anarchy," which makes me wonder if our would-be senator has thought his proposal through.

Vidal is a champion of many causes. In an essay called "Sex Is Politics" he undertakes an intellectual defense of homosexuality. It is one of his most peculiar performances—not because homosexuality is unworthy of intellectual defense, but because of the way Vidal goes about it. In defense of his point of view, Vidal traces antihomosexual sentiment back to Biblical times, in particular the book of Leviticus. He writes: "Leviticus was written either during or shortly after the Jewish exile in Babylon (586-538 B.C.). The exile ended when Persia's Great King Cyrus conquered Babylon. Tolerant of all religions, Cyrus let the Jews go home to Jerusalem, where they began to rebuild the temple that had been destroyed in 586. Since it was thought that the disasters of 586 might have been averted had the Jews been a bit more strait-laced in their deportment, Leviticus was drafted."

Is Vidal inventing history here? This is the first time I have seen it argued that one of the original five books of Moses was written in the Sixth Century B.C., rather than several centuries earlier, as is commonly assumed to be the case. Vidal declines to share his sources of information with us, and so I am doubly baffled to read, in the following paragraph, "In earlier days, Jonathan and David were much admired. Was their celebrated love for each other an abomination? Obviously not." Is Vidal saying that the lives of David and Jonathan preceded the life chronicled in Leviticus? Or is he saying that the lives of David and Jonathan preceded the *composition* of Leviticus? In either case, this is news to me, and it must be news to an awful lot of Biblical scholars, too. On top of that, Vidal's confident assertion that the love of David and Jonathan was "obviously not" an abomination would be news to Jonathan's father, the late King Saul, whose disapproval is registered right there in the Bible, and can be read by everyone able to grab hold of a Gideon.

He is a very odd fish, this Mr. Vidal. Whatever doubts one might entertain about him, one must recognize his talent. Here in this book there are essays that are as fine as any written in recent years. There are charming pieces on screenwriting and on Frank Baum's "Oz" books. There is an essay on F. Scott Fitzgerald which actually manages to say something fresh about F. Scott's brief but infinitely belabored life. There is an essay on Christopher Isherwood in which the subject of homosexuality is treated gracefully and intelligently, without the propagandistic humbug that characterizes "Sex Is Politics." And there is a superb meditation on Edmund Wilson where we find the following observation, so wise and true that it ought to be carved into Wilson's gravestone, with copies distributed to every aspiring author in America: "To the end of a long life, he kept on making the only thing he thought worth making: sense, a quality almost entirely lacking in American literature where stupidity—if sufficiently sincere and authentic—is deeply revered, and easily achieved."

One thing about Vidal: He is consistently most dubious when he is most preachy. For that reason I find myself finally wishing him well in politics. If elected, he could talk nonsense to his fellow senators, and, having got that out of the way, he could speak more sensibly to his readers, who, after all, cherished him first, and will cherish him last. □

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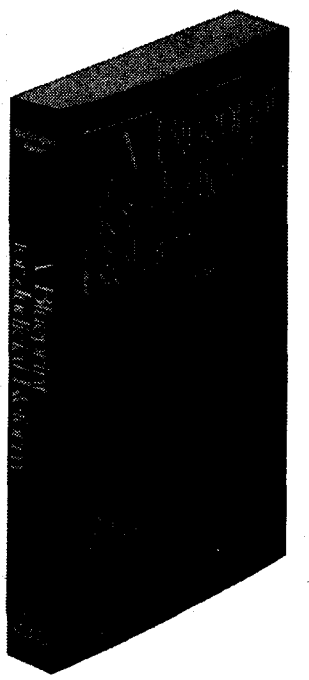

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LIKE IT WAS:
THE DIARIES OF MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE
Selected and edited by John Bright-Holmes
William Morrow & Co. / $18.00

William H. Nolte

Like Satan in the Book of Job, Malcolm Muggeridge has spent his days among us going to and fro in the world and up and down in it. But unlike that illustrious Angel, Muggeridge has never found himself at home in the world. Indeed, as this selection from his diaries—covering the years from 1932 to 1962—shows, he has always considered himself a stranger among men, so much so that he frequently thought of popping off early. What prevented him from throwing himself prematurely into the arms of God is unknown, but one might assume he was saved in part by the very restlessness that has followed him everywhere and even into his patriarchal years—and, no less, by his sense of humor which has enabled him—nay, compelled him—to laugh at the unlimited folly of our species. No commentator, excepting only Mencken, has viewed the mass absurdities of this glorious age with more atrabilious eye or described them in more telling and acerbic terms.

In his "Apologia Pro Diario Suo," which prefaces *Like It Was,* Muggeridge insists that the diarist is a true child of the twentieth century—that is, a man of skeptical mind and sensual disposition, brought up to believe that a peaceful world of prosperity and brotherhood lay just around the corner. Muggeridge parted company with the melioristic illusion early on—while padding through the streets of Moscow in 1932—and has ever since admonished us to beware of those who preach the utopian gospel. His skepticism and sensuality have remained intact, though they have never been so deeply imbued in his character as he would have us (or himself) believe. As a sensualist he has always been a backslider, hounded in turn by desire and regret, which at times become indistinguishable one from the other. It is the Self which he has forever sought in vain to lose, now amidst the vanities of the world and then in communion with God, back and forth, ever and again. He pays tribute to the eternal paradox in the final moving words of the "Apologia":

> Even when he was learning vain things, and losing himself among many vanities, St. Augustine of Hyppo writes, God disciplined him and forgave him; and if in his *Confessions* he calls to mind these cruel corruptions of his soul, it is not for love of them, but rather for love of God's love, and in thankfulness that he has been forgiven. Recalling in the very bitterness of his remembrance his most vicious ways he goes on, no comfort was to be found "save in Thee who teachest by sorrow, and woundest to heal." Aware of the enormous disparity between a saint in the fifth century and a knockabout journalist in the twentieth, I still, in utter humility, venture to echo his words.

His longing to "know God," which has been with him from the earliest years, is every bit as sensual as his indulgence in fleshly concerns. On August 22, 1936, he makes this note: "I've just been for a walk. It's a perfect morning. As I walked along I tried to concentrate my thoughts on the necessity to escape from self and from the flesh if I was to know God." The following day he notes "that there is really nothing for me to undertake but the mystic's long and arduous journey. This involves (1) subjection of the self, (2) mastery of the flesh, both of its ills and rapture, (3) absorption in the principle of love, which governs the universe." A few lines later he categorically states, "I know that love governs the universe." Hardly the views of a skeptic! Of a sensualist perhaps, but not of a skeptic. Though no one can doubt the sincerity of his constantly renewed, and always fruitless, efforts to escape the Old Adam within and make contact, as he put it, "with what was outside Time," I for one do not find that aspect of his personality particularly interesting.

The truth is that Muggeridge, like most other scanners of Heaven and searchers for Truth, only succeeds in strengthening my conviction that such capitalized abstractions are beyond the ken of mortal men. Better leave such fabulous voyagings to the professional philosophers, who invariably make such journeys seem not worth taking. It is much less this Pilgrim's Progress toward the Light that lifts our livers and makes us bray hosanna than it is the pictures he draws of other wayfarers who cross his path, either in person or in books, along the road. If he frequently etches his miniatures with malice, he never stoops to caricature, and happily he is free of moral indigna-

William H. Nolte is C. Wallace Martin Professor of English at the University of South Carolina.

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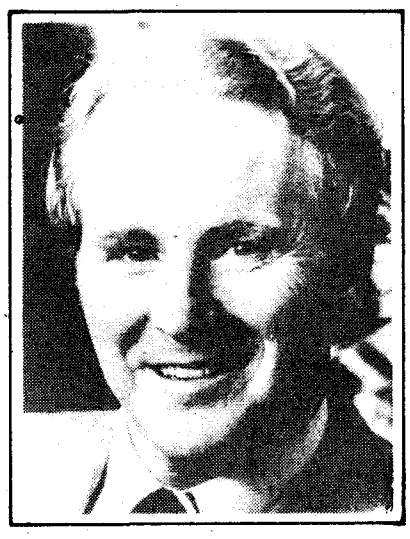

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tion (other than that directed against himself). He is most harsh with those who live in the will rather than the imagination—to use his somewhat vague and even misleading nomenclature. For most men of power Muggeridge has nothing but contempt, partly, one suspects, because they bring about change, and usually for the worse, and partly because the movers and shakers of the world are inordinately vain.

A case in point is Churchill, a man whom Muggeridge admired for his stand against the Germans at a time when most Englishmen believed all was lost, including honor. And he delighted in Churchill's "rich humour"—all in all, "a sublime buffoon who combines Falstaff and Henry V." (He frequently defines people according to their resemblance to characters from literature.) Nonetheless, he was appalled by Churchill's sentimentality and vaingloriousness. After the War he records a conversation with Montgomery, who despised Churchill for having asked to address the officers of the 21st Army Group on the eve of D-Day and then bursting into tears when Monty forbade it. Only a few politicians get off lightly—Ernest Bevin for one, and Harry Truman for another. Though the first references to Truman, written when Muggeridge was a Washington correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*, are unflattering, some years later, after watching a film about Stalin, Roosevelt, Churchill, Khrushchev, and others, he "noted that the only authentic human in this menagerie was Harry Truman. Felt enormously drawn to him." Such a comment, of course, tells us more about the diarist than it does about the people in the film.

The most fascinating entries concern the writers with whom Muggeridge consorted in his daily rounds as journalist, editor of *Punch*, and critic at large—such as Graham Greene, Evelyn Waugh (whose absurd snobbishness is duly mocked), George Orwell ("like Don Quixote, very lean and egotistic and honest and foolish"), Anthony Powell and Hugh Kingsmill (two of his closest friends), P.G. Wodehouse, Max Beerbohm, et al. The recorded conversation with such men reveals them, if not in the altogether, at least in an unbuttoned state. Don't believe those reviewers who say the best parts of the diaries are the early ones—those written in Moscow or in India in the 1930s. The best are those that are the least self-conscious—and best of all, the ones with laughter in them. If there are dry areas in these diaries, there are still plenty of watering-holes to make the trip enjoyable.

It is by now a commonplace among all who know Muggeridge to say that he is one of the most charming and delightful men imaginable. I clearly remember when I first encountered him. The editor of this family magazine brought us together in Dallas for the purpose of a debate. During our unstructured and rather rambling discourse I asked him, in response to just what sonority I don't recall, if he could say that in his literary life he had never sacrificed sense for a melodious phrase. There was a pause, and then he burst into laughter—and pled guilty. I stood in awe of him then, and I stand in awe of him now. Only a few such men are allotted to each age. □

COMING NEXT MONTH

TOM WOLFE

on

High Life / Low Life

In Defense of Quality

Considerations of the federal budget, when they get around to defense spending, tend to reignite the debate over quality versus quantity in military hardware.

Within the funding available for defense procurement, is the nation better off buying larger numbers of simpler aircraft, missiles, tanks, and ships? Or are national defense and security better served with fewer units of equipment that's more advanced technologically and provides greater performance and capability? Such equipment is necessarily more costly, for the same reason that a 10-speed bike costs more than a 3-speeder.

The advocates of quantity argue that sheer numbers count for more in combat than the quality of the hardware. The central flaw in this contention is that low-technology weaponry in many cases cannot do the job in our high-technology times.

Take fighter aircraft as an example. To be sure, there are combat arenas where large numbers of less advanced fighters could deliver better results than smaller numbers of more sophisticated and expensive planes. But the reality of aerial combat is that conditions are generally less than ideal. They are unlikely to be suited to the use of simpler planes. Wars aren't always fought from 8 to 5 with crystal skies.

What about nighttime operations? Adverse weather? The need to penetrate enemy defenses? In the face of such demands, the test of combat could not be met by planes that are blind in the dark or murk and are armed with visual-range missiles. What these missions require are high-performance aircraft equipped with electronics to see and sense things their crews cannot, and weapons that can find and destroy targets even when they're shrouded in darkness or clouds.

Similar failings apply to ground-based and seagoing equipment that's simpler in design and ability and hence less costly:

- tanks too lightly armored to stand up to the pounding of enemy fire;
- ships lacking electronic brains, eyes, and ears for long-range surveillance and strike;
- carriers incapable of launching powerful attack aircraft;
- submarines without the range and endurance provided by nuclear propulsion.

Austere weaponry certainly has a place in America's defense arsenal. But it cannot substitute, whatever its quantity, for equipment delivering the greater performance and versatility made possible by electronics and other advanced technologies.

The Soviets' military production is awesome. They spend 15% of their gross national product for military purposes, compared with 6% for the U.S. Last year they built five times as many fighters and fighter-bombers as the U.S., seven times as many armored personnel carriers, five times as many tanks, three times as many ICBMs.

At this time, there is no way the U.S. can match the Soviet Union in *quantity* of weaponry. Where we must excel is in *quality*. We must design and build into our equipment the highest useful quality and capability that technology can provide. (Even so, that shouldn't mean "gold-plating," or overdesigning to deliver unneeded performance at great cost.)

When American lives and security interests are at stake, second best isn't good enough.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Vietnamese Divisions

I read the article by Stephen B. Young ("Good Government in Hanoi," *TAS*, April 1982), who happens to be a friend. I regret, though, that the first part of his article is discredited by some inaccurate information. Young has quoted many rumors in a way not compatible with an academician such as him. This also may raise some anger in the Vietnamese community, which is already critically divided.

—Doan Van Toai
Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy
Medford, Massachusetts

As managing editor of a Vietnamese magazine in Los Angeles, I would like to respond to the article by Stephen B. Young in the April issue.

The first part of the article on the current situation in Vietnam is excellent and accurate. The last part, however, on the Vietnamese leaders in the United States distorts the truth and could cause an irreparable split among the Vietnamese in this country. Stephen Young is not impartial when he judges and evaluates the Vietnamese émigré leaders. I do not oppose or support any of them, and I think each individual, including Young, has a right to support whomever he likes and to regard him a good leader. But Young does not have a right to impose his view that "for the Vietnamese, the most promising alternative for leadership is offered by the modest but brilliant Nguyen Ngoc Huy . . ." Young should have said "for the author . . ."; not "for the Vietnamese." How does Young know that Nguyen Ngoc Huy would be acceptable to the Vietnamese? Although Young is among the very few Americans who can be of help to the Vietnamese refugees and speaks Vietnamese fluently (for which many including myself appreciate him greatly) there is much he still does not understand. . . .

Here are some truths about Nguyen Ngoc Huy that Young either doesn't know or would prefer to forget: First, in April 1975, Nguyen Ngoc Huy ordered all his followers in the Cap Tien Party to continue the fight against the Communists—even though he was soon to leave Vietnam for America and thus abandon thousands of the party faithful who had naively trusted him. They are now in the re-education camps, if they haven't already been tortured and killed. Is this a man with sufficient *uy tin* (prestige) to provide leadership for the Vietnamese as Young suggests?

Second, when Huy was a leader of the Cap Tien Party in Vietnam, he lost in an election to the Vietnamese Senate even though he ran as a pro-Thieu candidate, and now in the U.S. his efforts to publish a magazine and found a party have failed. . . . Oddly, the name of this party is exactly the same as the name of Thieu's old party, Lien Minh Dan Chu (Democratic Alliance). If as Young writes Thieu no longer has *uy tin*, why is Huy keeping the politics of Thieu alive? Huy doesn't hide the fact that he has contacted Thieu's brother, who lives in Texas, which has caused fresh rumors about Huy's relationship with former president Thieu. Though Young cited other rumors that might help discredit other Vietnamese leaders, Young apparently chose not to write about those pertaining to Huy and Thieu. Here are some examples: a) Huy took money from Thieu to help found the Lien Minh Dan Chu Party in the U.S. Hence his use of that party's name. It was one of Thieu's conditions. b) The leader of the former Cap Tien Party in Vietnam before his assassination was Prof. Nguyen Van Bong. Huy was the number two man and he replaced Bong. Rumor has it that Huy was somehow responsible for Bong's death, because afterwards he turned the heretofore independent Cap Tien Party into a pro-Thieu party, and Thieu rewarded Huy by appointing him an adviser to Thieu's delegation to the Paris peace conference. . . .

I believe that one of the major errors of America's Vietnam policy was to support the wrong men, which allowed the enemy to oppose us and woo the people. . . .Through his entire life, Nguyen Ngoc Huy has never sacrificed for the public interest. . . . Though he may be more gentle than some of the others mentioned in Young's article, if he is honest he will repent about his orders which caused the death of thousands of his followers. Those who are still imprisoned or fortunate enough to be in this country are filled with anger

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and hatred for Nguyen Ngoc Huy. . . .

—Le Minh Truc
Thuc Tinh Magazine
Los Angeles, California

Stephen B. Young replies:

I was amused to note that the Vietnamese who responded to my article on Vietnamese nationalist leadership are both supporters of Truong Nhu Tang, one of the men I discussed in less than glowing terms. Mr. Tang was a founding member of the National Liberation Front and later the minister of justice in the Provisional Revolutionary Government for South Vietnam. Both groups provided legitimacy for Hanoi's effort to conquer South Vietnam. But upon Hanoi's capture of South Vietnam in 1975, Mr. Tang became disillusioned with his former patrons. He then fled abroad and now, in cooperation with the Chinese Communists, is attempting to organize a political movement to replace the current Stalinist government in Hanoi. To date, he has not been very successful in attracting support among émigré Vietnamese, though Mr. Toai has worked hard for him in this regard. I welcome Mr. Tang's conversion to a more just course and have helped him on occasion but we must still recognize that he took many years to break with Hanoi.

The letter of Mr. Truc presents a paradigm of negative politics as it is practiced by the Vietnamese. Rather than point out the qualities of his own leader, Mr. Tang, the writer tries to sully the reputation of the man I admire, Professor Nguyen Ngoc Huy. (His charges, I need only add, are without substance.)

This kind of politics proceeds from the assumption that even if one's leadership is not that acceptable, destroying the prestige (*uy tin*) of others will bring one by default to political power. Sadly, this approach to politics has always been self-defeating, and very destructive of Vietnamese nationalism. One can only hope that Vietnamese now in exile will realize that it is not in their interest to wait for a perfect leader to emerge but rather to cooperate with each other on points of mutual political agreement, an approach Professor Huy has long advocated.

EDITORIAL

(continued from page 6)

served "Ground Zero Week" to notify us of the peril that nuclear war poses to human life. Apparently they think we have been unaware of this during the last three-and-a-half decades. Why nuclear holocaust is more on their minds this season than in past seasons I have yet to ascertain. For years now we have had the power to blow the world to kingdom come, as they like to put it, but we abstained. Why is the danger any greater now? Boredom? Restlessness?

Possibly the strategic thinking of the democracies has been a success. Thirty-seven years without war with Russia is not bad. Maybe the left-wing brethren are wrong to be so inflamed. Maybe in their anxiety they are urging a dangerous policy démarche, namely: freezing us into nuclear inferiority toward the USSR, the nation that has actually moved beyond nuclear warfare to chemical and biological warfare, the nation that adjudged Afghanistan a military threat, and the great power that is clearly most bellicose and paranoid.

Maybe, too, we in the West are not as fervid for human life as the demonstrators would have it. After all, they have not been particularly vocal in lamenting the destruction of human life that has gone on in Southeast Asia since the Communist reformers took charge, opened their concentration camps and their execution sites, and sent the boat people out to sea. Nor have I heard them condemn the condition of human life in Poland and Afghanistan.

And back in the United States, where no foreign governments can fetter our solicitude for human life, some rather gruesome practices have become the norm; while even more gruesome practices are ever so gingerly making their appearance. One-and-a-half million abortions are now practiced annually. So what? In February the newspapers carried pictures of men disposing of a mound of fetuses, possibly as many as 2,000, found in formaldehyde in California. Their presence there remains a mystery; but, though they were being hauled off like trash, they looked strikingly like babies to me. Opponents of abortion warned that barbarities like this would take place, and that with abortion would come infanticide and child abuse, more precisely baby abuse.

When they raised these arguments I for one scoffed, but last month in Indiana it appeared that their warnings were borne out. A living baby was starved for six days in an Indiana hospital, and that state's courts agreed to let it starve to death. Is this child abuse or infanticide? The babe, of course, was not like most of us; he suffered Down's syndrome, mongolism. He also had a malfunctioning esophagus, and without surgery or intravenous feeding he would die of starvation or dehydration, though that could take two weeks.

This is the course his parents chose; their lawyer went so far as to call it "treatment." Had he not been born a mongoloid would his parents have left this inconvenient child to die? Considering "Ground Zero Week's" absorption with the destruction of human life, ponder how far we have advanced in the realm of ethics. (And it is an ethical advance to starve babies. Modern medicine has always had the capacity.)

State courts and a local "child protection committee" stood by while parents and their lawyer forced a hospital to starve a helpless baby. The parents refused to take the babe home. Moreover they would not even allow a lawyer who had argued for the infant's life in court and who had been appointed his guardian to take him in. Clearly the parents wanted this retarded child to die. He had Down's syndrome with a high statistical probability of variable retardation. Lawyers concerned about the destruction of human life were on their way to Washington and to the Supreme Court when the child finally breathed his last. When will American babies with a high statistical probability of criminality or cancer be given this same advanced "treatment"? □

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CURRENT WISDOM

Christianity and Crisis

The magazine of Christian meliorism and vestibular revolution reviews a hellish threat to the National Council of Churches and Arabs for Christ, *This World*, whose address is: 310 Madison Avenue, Suite 1629, New York, New York 10017.

Here at last is a journal in which conservative Catholics can publicly kick against the pricks of their church's social teachings, academic Reaganauts can freely lash out against their liberal colleagues as secular humanists or as members of the equally nefarious "New Class," right-wing Protestants can take up their cudgels against the social stands of ecumenical groups, *Commentary*-based Jewish intellectuals can dilate on the virtues of capitalism and Zionists can extol the anti-Communism now emerging as the ideological bedrock of American support for the Israeli warrior-state.

[*February 15, 1982*]

The Nation

The Kapitalist phantasmagoria as seen by the legendary I.F. Stone:

Won't Listen, Can't Hear. Judging by the streets of downtown Washington, one form of private enterprise stimulated by Reaganomics is beggary. For the first time in my more than forty years in Washington, panhandlers make regular appearances. They are white as well as black, and often ask for help in cultivated accents. . . . In the White House itself, Reagan's entourage is so discontented that their mutterings have become more or less an open secret. They complain that he will not listen, and, because of a deafness he hates to acknowledge, sometimes may not hear, so that aides do not know just what does reach him, even from a staff too intimidated to speak frankly.

Of his inner circle, Secretary of Defense Weinberger seems to stir the most disquiet among what may be termed the Reagan conservatives. They are disturbed by spooky talk of a "super Mayaguez"—speculation that an international crisis and mobilization might provide the way out, sopping up unemployment and finally stimulating capital investment. Such, I am told, are among the bats in the White House belfry.

[*April 10, 1982*]

San Francisco Chronicle

Proof that the great Republic is moving beyond *Uncle Tom's Cabin* into a bright and glorious morn:

Berkeley's school board is considering a plan that would alter the time-honored "last hired, first fired" policy for teacher layoffs, giving racial minorities priority over teachers with greater seniority.

The unusual affirmative action plan became legal under state legislation effective January 1, but Berkeley is the first school district in the state to consider it, according to district spokesmen.

[*January 20, 1982*]

The Paw Print

Clever prosody from a future Kennedy aide displaying his gifts on the correspondence page of the student paper of California State College (San Bernardino):

Back in the fifties I was in Germany and my German teacher had been a judge under Hitler. He told me, Ya, he had been a Nazi, but before the Nazis came to power there was unemployment, rioting, and shooting by snipers.

Hitler ended all of that, and since Germans like law and order, organization instead of chaos, the Germans welcomed him with open arms. Now South America seems to have a general state of disorder. I have heard a lot about South American revolutions for many years.

A great deal of their trouble comes from dishonest government, plus the fact that the Catholic church has no wisdom about birth control. A man that has a house full of dependents cannot talk freely about political matters. After all, his boss man might hear him and fire him and then what would he do to feed his family?

I write freely about political matters, but I am prepared to lose my job at any time and pick up and move. The forces of evil, wickedness, and injustice are quite powerful in contemporary America, and not only in South America. Just a short time ago the National Guard gave me my walking papers. I guess that I hurt some general's feelings by suggesting that a lot of those fat-assed generals were nothing but confidencemen trying to rip off the taxpayers.

In my day a man didn't sleep with a girl until they got married, if they were like me they resorted to a horrible practice called masturbation. This did terrible things to your self-esteem. It caused me to have skin eruptions, headaches, and terrible guilty feelings.

There are some people in the US who want the young people to return to this form of self-punishment. Now those bad, bad, communists want to go into South America and get things organized. They may be starving Poland, and not be able to make farmland of the USSR produce, but of course South America will be different, we are supposed to believe.

However, I wish we could get those fat-assed generals to tell us more about what their plans are. Will they tell the media all of their anticipated military plans so that our forces will be walking into one military trap after another?

Will the media be telling the world about things like some of our troops pushing troops out of helicopters (with or without the benefit of a parachute) like they did in Vietnam, or showing the world pictures of other atrocities such as the South Vietnamese general shooting the communist soldier? Will our intelligence suddenly go blind when it comes to finding communist supply ships or planes?

What will we do in South America after we have killed the breadwinners of all those large families? Do we have any plans to provide them with work? I once talked to a young German who was going back to Communism. They provided him with work. A President may talk big, but if he provides no plan for constructive work, then the people won't re-elect him. So after the war profiteers have creamed their blood money, then what?

—*Bill S. Bloomer*

[*March 31, 1982*]

The Washington Post

The brain of Colman McCarthy, where convicted killers and Communists at war with the U.S.A. are equivalent to the Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. and the dastardly Chrysler Corporation:

The double standard that allows artists like Mailer and Fonda to be damned for befriending prisoners or seeking to end a war says nothing when other celebrities turn into shills for certifiable failures. When Jimmy Stewart was telling us about the virtues of the Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., the firm was paying $500,000 in fines—the largest assessment ever—for violating federal safety tests. Frank Sinatra croons for the mismanaged Chrysler Corporation. . . .

The sadness is that American literature has too few Norman Mailers willing to take a chance on prisoners. Hollywood has too few Jane Fondas willing to see the enemy as human beings, not devils.

[*January 30, 1982*]

The Daily Gleaner
(Fredericton, NB, Canada)

An *engagé* linguist lugs the enlightenment into far off Fredericton, New Brunswick, via the correspondence section of that metropolis's daily paper:

Sir: "International Year of the Disabled" is an inappropriate title. "Disabled" means "incapable" or "disqualified." But the point of having this special year is to show that a disability is not a permanent characteristic.

The year 1982 should be labelled "International Year of the Inconvenienced," in order to emphasize the fact that the status quo has determined to help a group of non-status quo individuals.

And while we're at it, let's not forget those who, more invisibly perhaps, suffer from severe psychological "disabilities."

[*March 16, 1982*]

Miscellany

An earnest communication from the Oval Office to Mr. Paul Vivian, the fascinated donor of $1 to the Republican fund for the Republic:

Dear Mr. Vivian:

I've thought of you often during my first year in the White House because I realize how important you are to the future of our country.

I believe you're one of the special few who understand that personal direct support of our Party is one of the most important ways of protecting our individual and national freedom.

[*Wednesday!*]

San Francisco Chronicle

Proof that the heirs and assigns of Plato and Aristotle are still excogitating the good life in our great President's home state:

Gentle births, more loving families and less violence on television are three ways to curb violent crimes, a state commission concluded yesterday.

The Commission on Crime Control and Violence Prevention spent two years looking for "the root causes of crime" and came up with a long list of recommendations. Some of the recommendations would cost $700,000 to implement.

Although most of the suggestions reflected known theories, a new area was "gentle births."

The commission said that "a positive birth experience—one that is gentle, loving, and nontraumatic—increases the likelihood of healthy child development" and less violent behavior.

The commission's report states that child abuse, drug abuse, the decaying of the family unit and racial tensions are among the key causes of crime.

The 22-member commission was created by 1979 legislation introduced by Democratic Assemblyman John Vasconcellos of San Jose.

Other commission recommendations:

•Possible legislation outlawing corporal punishment, including spanking in the family, as well as more education programs aimed at abusers of children, spouses and the elderly.

•Education about the need for a balanced, nutritious diet, instead of the current emphasis on fast food.

[*January 28, 1982*]

The Nation

The illustrious Hans Koning puts Poland's troubles in historical perspective:

Since we have established a United States south of our border (which has never been invaded) consisting almost solidly of right-wing military regimes, it is hard not to smell hypocrisy in the moral indignation and surprise voiced by Washington about the undemocratic regimes to the west of the Russian border.

[*January 2-9, 1982*]

The New Leader

A modern version of *The Idiot*, George P. Brockway on economics:

The Reagan Administration has not managed the feat single-handedly, and we may hope that it will not be completely successful, but in the very short time of a year it has gone a very long way toward destroying the morale of the American people. By morale I do not mean merely eagerness for life or sense of well being, though they are included. More fundamental than psychological tone are morale as mores and morale as morality. It is these that are being destroyed. For the first time in the history of the world, a society is being deliberately and cheerily based on the proposition that it's good to be greedy.

[*January 11, 1982*]

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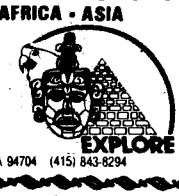

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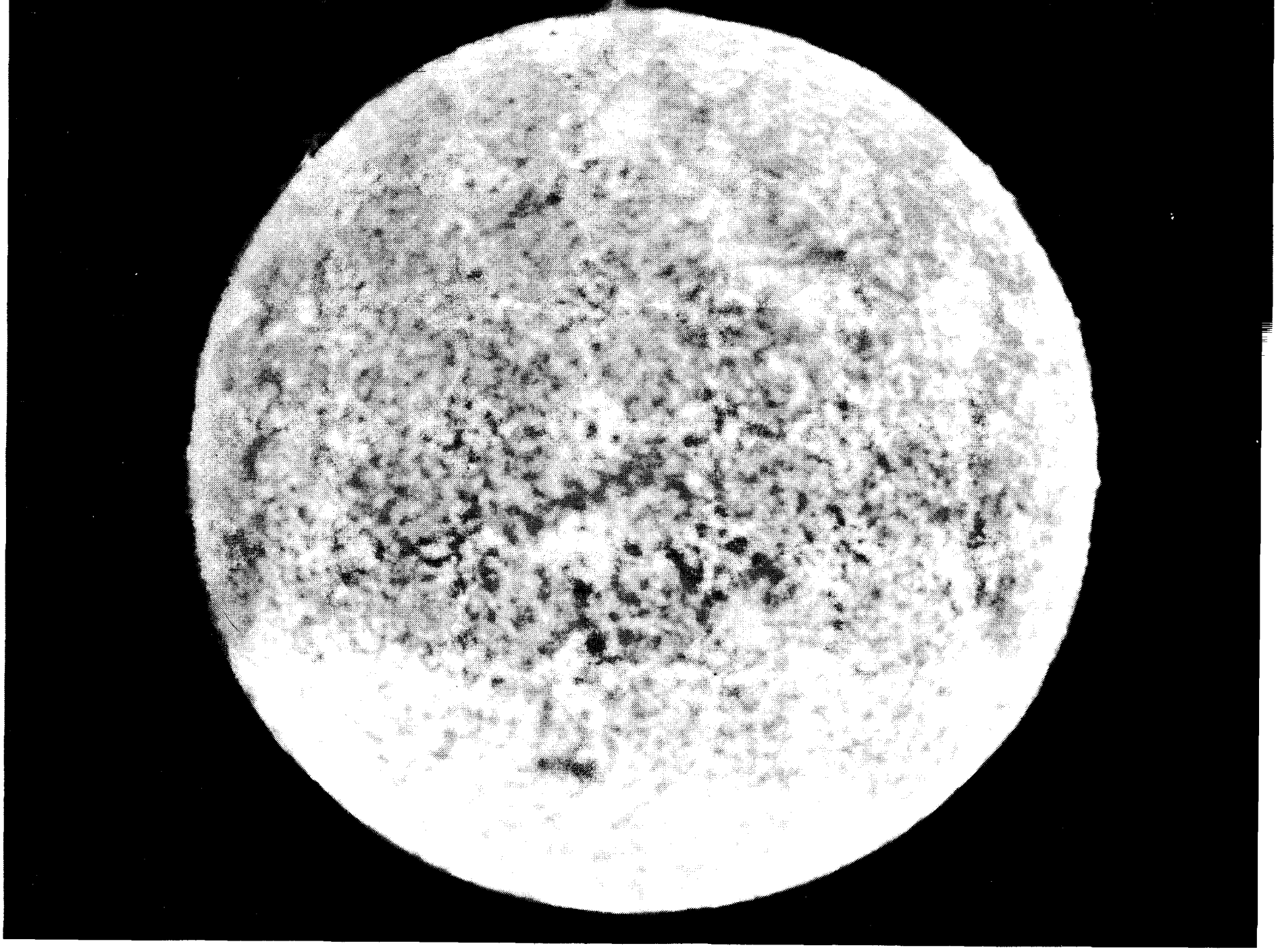

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